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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

OUR NEW CHINA SET OFFER.

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VOLUME LVIII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1890. NUMBER 51.

Poetry.

A DISGRUNTLED HUSBAND.

The leaf is falling from the tree,
At morn the ground is white;
The opening day brings not to me
The usual delight.

I do not, when the night has fled
And golden day is born,
Spring with alacrity from bed
To view the beauteous morn.

The landscape fair, the tinted skies
No longer I admire
As shiveringly from bed I rise
To start the kitchen fire.

—[Cape Cod Item.

FOR ME.

I hearc her song
Low, in the night,
From out her casement steal away.
Nor thought it wrong
To steal a sight
Of her—and lo! She knelt to pray.

I heard her say
"Forgive him, Lord!
Such as he seems he cannot be."
I turned away
Myself abhorred—
She prayed—and lo! she prayed for me.

—[Munsey's Weekly.

A SILENT WOMAN.

There's a girl who keeps a silence
That is foreign to her kind,
For even when addressed, to talk
She doesn't seem inclined.

Though you coax and o'en get angry,
Still her silence she'll preserve,
And never seem to care how much
Her manner shakes your nerve.

You wonder who she is, no doubt,
This less with ways so strange—
She's holding a position at
The telephone exchange.

—[Washington Post.

Miscellany.

Exercises for Girls.

Exercises for the Boudoir That Will Give Health and Strength Without Waste of Time or Money —Every Girl Her Teacher.

Were any proof needed both of the value and the popularity of gymnasiums for girls, it would be found in the fact that of the many in this city there is not one that is not obliged daily to turn away applicants, says a writer in the New York *Press*. For these girls, as for others whose lack of that antiquated institution, the chaperone, or whose scantiness of time or pocketbook compels absence from athletic halls, I would explain a system of callisthenics from which quite as much benefit may be derived. It is systematic training, and yet entails the use of no dumb bells, clubs, weights or other apparatus that go to make up the

THE CARTWHEEL ARM MOVEMENT.

modern gymnasium. The outfit costs nothing. Your bedroom will suffice for the exercises and the implements which the household affords will amply suffice.

Just let the girls who would be strong as well as beautiful, full chested, rounded perfectly in arm and leg, square of shoulder and graceful of carriage adopt some of the suggestions given below and see what good results will follow. Health and symmetry of form are essential rather than muscles knotted like a pine tree. The gymnasium may make a man of a girl, to use an Hibernicism, but moderate calisthenic exercise alone can make the perfect girl.

It is chic and all that for girls to array themselves much like their brothers, to strut about clad after the style of the Roman gladiator, to punch a bag, whirl about a trapeze and turn a handspring with great agility, but that is an exercise which soon must leave off unless, indeed, she would be a maid forever. And once left off, then comes the reaction, followed soon by most ill shaped mothers—women developed abnormally in some directions, perhaps suffering from strains in others. Active, and what may be called masculine gymnastic exercises are not what women want. Let me suggest some.

First, the breathing exercise. Stand perfectly erect, with heels together, head

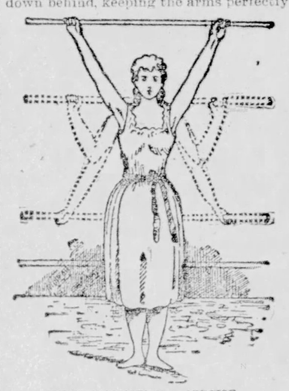
ARMS OUT FULL LENGTH AND THEN BACK TO CHEST.

well thrown back and arms straight down by the sides. Then draw a long breath, inflating the lungs thoroughly. Hold the breath a few seconds and then exhale quickly. This should be done in a room with windows open, so that the air may be pure. It will start the circulation and be an excellent preparation for the other exercises.

Then, while still in the same position, we come to the head exercise, which is done by bending the head slowly forward and back, to the sides, and then quickly around as far as possible from both sides. For girls who have slim necks this will prove very valuable, as it develops every muscle of the neck and chest. This is the favorite exercise of nine-tenths of the actresses and the society girls of to-day whose necks are more conspicuous than were those of their modest grandmothers a century ago.

For strengthening, broadening and developing the chest and shoulders there are a number of exercises, a few of which I will give. First, in the same old position, bring the arm, with the hand open and without bending the elbow, around by the side of the head and body in a circular or cartwheel motion. Do this as rapidly as possible, always being careful not to let the elbow bend. This is splendid for girls who are what is known as "hollow chested," a most unfortunate condition in these days of physical development. This exercise will entirely do away with this if practiced regularly.

Another chest exercise is done by bringing the closed hands rapidly up to the chest, palms out, and exhaling at the same time. This also is good for the muscles of the arm. Still another: Take a stick of some kind, an old broom handle, umbrella, anything that is handy, try bringing it up over the head and down behind, keeping the arms perfectly



THE BROOMSTICK EXERCISE.

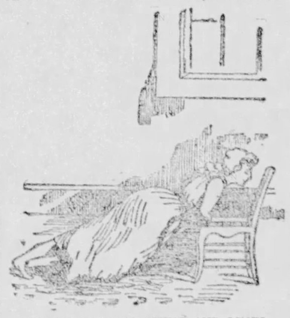
rigid. At first you will find that in order to get it over the head the arms will have to be extended almost to the very end of the handle, but after a little practice it can be brought closer and closer, until the arms will go over with the hands very close together. There are many other ways of developing the chest, but if the four given are thoroughly tested nothing more will be required. There are two exercises which are used a great deal for the back and lower limbs, one of which is done by trying without bending the knees to touch the tips of the fingers to the floor. This is the one athletic exercise in which woman exhibits her superiority over man. No Adam can rival

GETTING UP ON ONE FOOT.

an Eve in this. Try at first to go down and up quickly, and though for some time you may not be able to get anywhere near the floor, yet, as the back becomes accustomed to the strain, you can go more slowly and finally get down easily.

The second one is done by trying to rise from a sitting position on the floor without touching the hands to the floor, using one foot only. Be very careful in trying this. It is not a graceful position in which to be caught, and, besides, is more or less attended with danger. Yet it is exhilarating, and if you once succeed in getting up, try to go back again, still without touching the floor, but remember two or three times is enough to do it—once is enough for some people. The exercise discounts all the patent pads on the continent as a hip developer.

One more exercise will be recommended which must be gone through carefully: Take a chair, use it for supporting the hands, which you will have to place quite far apart, stand as far apart as your arms will permit, and bring the body down until the chest rests on the chair. Then send it back again. This gives action to the muscles of the arm and forearm, to the chest and back, to the neck, and, in short, is an exercise for the whole body. It seems



DEVELOPING THE CHEST AND LIMBS.

very simple, but will be found not as easy as it looks. It should not be overdone.

Indeed, that advice not to overdo it is one which is necessary for all who become interested in any physical exercise. Ten minutes in the morning and ten at night are sufficient. When the exercises for the day are over, take a crash or Turkish towel and rub the body until the blood is well started and the system in a glow.

Of course nothing can be done by remembering to-day and forgetting to-morrow. Only a systematic training can result in good. I know a young lady who night and morning practiced these same exercises which I have given you for three months, and found her chest broader by two inches, her neck and arms larger in proportion, while she assures me that she feels altogether like a new girl. So, girls, try it.

Begin at once to-day and let us see Jenness-Miller's statement, that though girls be frights at 16 there is no reason why they should not be beauties at 60, verified, and she claims that to make the change requires only physical culture, and we find that can be obtained without trouble or expense and without going out of the sweet precincts of our own especial sanctum.

Worse and Worse.

Two old friends met accidentally for the first time in ten or fifteen years. "Well," he said, "you are still Lucy Benderby, are you?" "Yes," she replied, "still Lucy Benderby." "It isn't your fault, I know." He rejoined, meaning to say something complimentary. "That is," he added nervously, feeling that he had not expressed himself exactly in the way he had intended, "I mean that you are not to blame, you know. You couldn't help it—or—that is, it was the fault of the young men. They, you know," he went on, breaking out in a profuse perspiration, "couldn't be expected—h'm! ha!—to—er—well, I must be going. Ever so glad to have met you."—[Chicago Tribune.

An Early Riser.

The Belgian King astonished even the German Imperial family, whose members have a name for early rising, by his tendency to get up at unearthly hours during his recent visit. While in Potsdam he never rose later than 5:30 a. m. and then took a red-hot bath; at 6:30 breakfast had to be served, consisting of tea and eight slightly-boiled eggs. On the first day of his arrival His Majesty had all the fires in the Stadtschloss put out, and though it got quite cold next day he refused to have them relit.

AN UNKIND CUT.

I. II. III. IV. V.

WASN'T INTERESTED.

Even Toledo Had No Charms For Him.

He was a Western hustler and his seat mate was a quiet-looking gentleman from the East.

"You carry on a manufacturing business, perhaps," said the Westerner.

"Well—yes, I—"

"Use a good deal of coal, eh?"

"Yes, a great deal."

"Ever compared the cost of coal with the cost of natural gas?"

"No."

"Well, sir, do you know that you could move your establishment out here to Ohio and save thousands of dollars every year just by using natural gas? Why, we use it for heat, power, illumination—everything. Just stop off at Toledo and look into that matter, and I guarantee we'll have you settled there inside of a year."

"I hardly think it would be worth while," answered the Easterner. "Don't think my business would profit at all by the change."

"You don't know anything about it, my friend," exclaimed the Westerner, with enthusiasm. "Why, I *know* it would save you money. It couldn't help saving you money. Why, you could produce your—er, see, what do you manufacture?"

"Gas," replied the quiet man, in an ordinary tone of voice.—[Christmas Puck.

A German Joke.

Eugene Field writes to the Chicago *News* that the Princess Beatrice, in making up her extensive trousseau for her marriage with Henry of Battenburg, conceived an idea to have every article marked handsomely, and instead of employing the conventional monogram and coronet she selected a lot of appropriate proverbs and texts from the Bible to be embroidered upon the linen. Her stock of quotations gave out, however, when Battenburg said he could help her, and a lot of German quotations furnished by him were embroidered in gaudy silk upon divers pieces of magnificent linen. But after the wedding Beatrice discovered (much to her horror) that the quotations contributed by Bat were not from dignified German literature, but from drinking songs popular among convivial and ribald students along the Rhine. Taken with their context many of these quotations were simply shocking! The bride called Bat to account; she was terribly aggrieved. Bat tried to laugh off the joke, but his indignant bride had all that objectionable embroidery pulled out and replaced with proper bits from English poems.

A Spoon Luncheon.

A spoon luncheon was the very novel entertainment given by a recent bride to the bridemaids and ushers who were to attend the wedding. The table cloth was white linen with delicate drawn work, over pale blue satin, the china white and gold, crossed spoons made of forget-me-nots were in front of each plate, and the central decoration was a mound of white and pink rosebuds, supported by china Cupids, each holding a large spoon made of forget-me-nots. The souvenirs were, for each lady, a silver spoon with the combined monograms of the bride and groom, and the date; and for the gentlemen, scarf pins shaped like tiny spoons, with a turquois in the bowl of each.—[Demorest's Family Magazine.

Verne's Latest.

Jules Verne's latest work, "Cæsar Cascabel," which has just been published in Paris, has met with the favorable reception which always awaits all the works of this popular novelist. His story this time is of the adventurous voyage of a montebank.

Our Serial Story.

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THE GREAT CHINESE INVASION.

BY FRANK M. EASTMAN.

CHAPTER X.

A SPY WITHIN CHINESE LINES.

Haines was warmly welcomed back by his friends of the Army of the West. He at once reported at headquarters, where the story of his capture and life among the Chinese was listened to with the most marked attention by Gen. Gregg.

"Owing to your superior knowledge of the Chinese and their methods of warfare, Major Haines," said Gen. Gregg, "you will be a very valuable man for me to have about me. I shall therefore appoint you an aide upon my staff with the rank of colonel. You will enter upon your duties as soon as possible, say day after to-morrow."

From his surviving associates Haines obtained the first news of the general status of the war which he had heard since his capture, nearly a month before. The army of the West, he found, had been reorganized and recruited up to a strength of 800,000 men. It was better armed and equipped, better drilled, and had more confidence in itself and its commander than it had when he left it. In the East he found the Chinese armies had advanced more slowly than the Pacific army, the density of the population of the sections through which they passed tending to embarass them, and to make the concentration of troops about them easier. The army of the Mississippi had suffered some severe repulses, but in return had inflicted heavy losses upon their assailants. The Atlantic army had an entire corps of 50,000 men cut off and destroyed, but no permanent advantage had resulted thereby to the American cause. The blockade along the coast was fairly effective, and tea, coffee and sugar were already luxuries beyond the reach of the average purse. One blockading ship had been captured by stratagem, and engineers and scientists were examining it with a view to building similar vessels for the United States navy. Specie payment had been suspended and gold was at a premium of 25 per cent. A new call for 2,000,000 volunteers had just been made. There was as yet no hope for a foreign alliance, and there were rumors of the arrival of Chinese reinforcements. This was the substance of what Haines learned from his friends. To a man with Haines's knowledge of the resources of the Chinese the condition of affairs was not encouraging.

On the evening of the third day Haines was called in haste to the tent of Gen. Gregg. He found that officer in a condition of unusual excitement. Wiping the perspiration from his brow, he drew from his camp desk two papers of an official appearance and handed them to Haines.

"Read that," he said excitedly. "We have just captured a messenger with it."

Haines took the papers and unfolded them. The first was a large document, written in the Chinese character upon parchment, and was decorated with a large golden seal. The other was evidently a translation of the former, in the handwriting of the official Chinese interpreter attached to headquarters. Haines began to read the translation standing, but he had not proceeded far before his trembling limbs gave way beneath him and he sank into a camp chair. The translation read as follows:

WE, KWANG-SU, OF THE TSIN DYNASTY, THE SON OF HEAVEN, THE CELESTIAL SOVEREIGN, EMPEROR OF CHINA AND COREA, TO OUR SERVANT, WO-LEE, GREETING:—It having been made known to us by thy faithful reports that Ki-Tsin, Generalissimo of our Imperial Army of the Pacific, in the United States of America, is traitorously disaffected towards our throne; that he hath traitorously trafficked with and given aid and comfort to our enemies; that he hath entertained as a guest a spy, Fan-Kwei, and hath with him conceited for the vile and surrender of our Imperial army, now, therefore, these things having been discussed by the Chiun-Li, in due form, and by it presented to us,

IT IS HEREBY ORDAINED:—Let Ki-Tsin die the death. Let Yih-Hun die the death. Let our faithful servant, Wo-Lee, take command of our Imperial Army of the Pacific, and let him be obeyed as its commander.

AND IN SEMBLICK as the maiden, Mauna-Qua, albeit a daughter of a rebel, and her life being justly forfeit for his crimes, hath found favor in the eyes of our servant, Wo-Lee, and he hath petitioned us that we give him the hand of the said maiden in marriage; NOW THEREFORE, these matters having been discussed by the Chiun-Li in due form, and by it presented to us,

IT IS ORDAINED:—Let the maiden be pardoned for the crimes of Ki-Tsin, and let her marry our servant, Wo-Lee.

Given at our celestial palace at Pekin, &c.

"Well," said the general, impatiently, "what had we best do? You know these people, I suppose. They have evidently begun to fight among themselves. That is well for us. The more dissensions and throat-cuttings among them the better. I suppose that it will be to our advantage to have this Ki-Tsin out of the way, as he has proved himself to be an able general. On the whole I think we had better let the dispatch go through, don't you?"

"It would be the worst possible policy," answered Haines, "to let Wo-Lee obtain the command, leaving out of the question my own feelings for Ki-Tsin and his family. Wo-Lee is a cruel, bigoted fanatic. In common he would become a second scourge of God. The miseries that he would inflict upon our non-combatants would be dreadful. He is fully as able a general as Ki-Tsin, without the former's moderation and humanity. He is even more energetic than the present commander, and I have no doubt would be really a more formidable antagonist than Ki-Tsin."

"But what can we do? This is doubtless not the only dispatch. Others of the same tenor have probably been sent by different routes confirming it. The destruction of this dispatch will not save your friends."

"No, it will not," said Haines despondently. "General," he cried, suddenly, after a silence of some moments, "give me that dispatch, and let me have a few days' leave of absence."

"What do you mean to do?"

"I'll take the order to Yih-Hun myself. If I succeed in doing so no doubt he and his sister can induce their father to come off to our camp. If he would do so think what we will gain. They know all the Chinese plans and resources, the secrets of their mechanical contrivances—everything. They are men of honor, but they will surely feel themselves absolved from all allegiance to an ungrateful tyrant, who has sentenced them to an undeserved death, and their gratitude to me would also have some weight with them."

"How will you get through their lines?"

"I have a Chinese uniform which Yih-Hun gave me. I can speak their language sufficiently for my purposes if it becomes necessary. As to the rest, I must rely on fortune and my native wit."

"Very well, Major," said the General at length, "you may go. I consent because I can see that if the Chinese commander and his son will come to us and will aid us they will be very important allies. I doubt very much, however, whether they will do either. When will you start?"

"Immediately. There is no time to be lost. Good-by, General."

"Good-by, Major. I wish you success, but I fear I shall never see you again."

"You will not, General, unless I succeed. Farewell." And Haines, with the fatal warrant in his hand, hurried to his tent to make the necessary preparations for his perilous enterprise.

An hour later a man enveloped in a long military cloak stole through the pickets of the American army at a point where they had purposely been stationed widely apart. Reaching a point some half-mile beyond the lines he found a horse saddled and bridled, awaiting him in the charge of an orderly. Throwing off his cloak and tossing it to the orderly, he appeared in the uniform of a Chinese officer, sprang to the saddle and rode swiftly away in the direction of the Chinese camp.

An hour's gallop brought the night rider near his destination, and when at last the reflection on the sky of the electric lights of the Chinese camp showed it near at hand he dismounted unbridled his horse, tied the bridle to its saddle, and wheeling the animal in the direction from which he had come, and saying a word in its ear, he sent it off at a brisk canter. The man then hastened cautiously forward until he had surmounted a little rise of ground from which the enemy's camp could be plainly seen at a distance of some 3,000 yards. It was brilliantly illuminated, and powerful search-lights momentarily shifted to bear upon the different parts of the surrounding plain, threatened to disclose his presence even at that distance.

Among the tents in the plain before him one far larger than any other caught his eye. It towered in the center of the camp. Above it floated the Great Dragon flag, while from a lower staff hung a smaller, swallow-tailed banner bearing the Indian tiger, the personal flag of the commander. It was not upon this tent, however, that the gaze of the watcher was fixed, but upon a smaller one standing in the shadow of the commander's. "If I can only make that undiscovered!" he exclaimed, as he looked anxiously at the intervening ground.

Suddenly he started with an exclamation of pleasure. To his right, at a distance of perhaps 100 yards, he saw cutting the plain a thin black thread, which made its winding way from the point indicated to the very center of the Chinese camp. His experienced eye recognized it as an arroyo or narrow trench, such as are cut by mountain torrents, during the rainy season and when the snows are melting, in the soft earth of the plain. These arroyos are sometimes 50 feet deep and not more than ten feet wide at the top. The man made his way slowly on his hands and knees to the brink of the arroyo, and peered down into it. While in this attitude the soft earth which formed the bank began almost imperceptibly to give way. The man, engrossed in estimating the depth of the crevasse, noticed nothing. Faster and faster the surrounding earth gave way, and then, with a sharp cry, man and earth were swallowed up in the black depths of the arroyo.

An hour or more had passed since the watcher of the Chinese camp had been engulfed in the arroyo. At the expiration of that time a head peered carefully above the trench at a distance of not more than twenty yards from Yih-Hun's tent. Gradually the head was followed by the body of a man. He was half an hour in crossing the twenty yards between him and the tent. At length he reached it and stood within the shadow of the fly, which was open. Within all was dark as midnight.

"Yih," he whispered, loudly. No answer came. "Yih," he called again, half-entering the tent. "It is I—Haines." Still no answer, but a slight rustling was audible. "Yih," he whispered again. The next moment his throat was clutched with an iron grasp, he was drawn within the tent and dashed violently upon the floor. At the same instant the tent was brilliantly illuminated, and, looking up at his assailant, Haines saw bent over him the fierce visage and fiery eyes of the Tartar general. A diabolical, mocking grin was upon his face, while his thin, sinewy fingers clutched the throat of the captive with a grip of steel. Haines had entered the wrong tent!

CHAPTER XI.

A SKIRMISH IN THE CLOUDS.

The next morning found Haines confined within the latticed bars of a large steel cage that stood, unprotected by roof or shelter, in a section of the camp remote from the army headquarters, whither he had secretly and silently been transferred immediately after his capture. His prison was surrounded by a crowd of soldiers of a wholly different type from those which he had been accustomed to see during his former stay in the camp. These men were tall and gaunt, with swarthy complexions, and long drooping, snaky mustaches. A physical resemblance on the part of these men to the Tartar general, convinced Haines that they were of the same race, and probably attached to Wo-Lee's person, perhaps as his body guard. In this situation Haines spent the greater part of the day, stared at and menaced by crowds of curious and bloodthirsty soldiery.

Towards evening a movement on the part of his guards indicated the approach of some person of importance, and a moment later the atrocious face of Wo-Lee peered savagely through the bars of his cage. He glared at Haines long and viciously, a fierce look of triumph in his snaky eyes.

"Oh ho!" he yelled at length. "He understands French. The old Tartar General understands French, and he can make love in it, too. But you—you will make no more love. Do you hear? You shall die by the Chi-lung, the pleasant, voluptuous Chi-lung. Do you understand? It will begin to-morrow. You shall suffer for days; perhaps a week. I shall come and watch you. You will need company, and you shall have mine. Oh ho! No more love-making by moonlight, young man. I will attend to that. It is I who will marry Mauna. Do you hear, you pig? It is I! I! I!" and with these words his face assumed an expression so fiendish that Haines turned away in utter horror. Wo-Lee exchanged some words with the commander of the guard, and departed with a last look of devilish malice at his victim.

Haines's heart sank within him as the dreadful nature of the torture to which he was to be subjected was announced to him. Shortly after Wo-Lee's departure a party of men arrived bearing a large barrel of perhaps five feet in height, and several baskets of a white flaky substance. Haines saw these preparations and shuddered. He was brave and had more than once faced death with perfect self-possession, but the thought of the long-drawn agonies of the death awaiting him shook his soul to its very depths. Suddenly his heart leaped within him as he saw approaching his cage the tall figure of Chan-Keo, the aide for whom he had recently been exchanged. This officer was walking slowing along, his eyes bent upon the ground, as though wrapped in deep meditation, approaching from a direction which would bring him to the cage on the side opposite to the guard, the men of which were now examining the barrel and quick-lime just brought, and jesting, with horrible laughs, at the torture to which their prisoner was to be subjected. Chan-Keo now reached the cage. Haines gently drew a pencil-case from his pocket and softly tossed it on the ground in front of him. He started and looked up. Haines put his finger to his lips and beckoned to him to approach. Chan-Keo hesitated a moment and then cautiously approached the cage. Haines turned his back to him, so as to interpose his own person between him and the guard, and whispered over his shoulder:

"I am Captain Haines for whom you were exchanged the other day. I stole into camp last night to bring word to Ki-Tsin and Yih-Hun that their lives are in the greatest danger. I have the Emperor's warrant for their execution hidden on my person. I went in Wo-Lee's tent by mistake, and he has placed me here. Hurry to headquarters and tell them this. Ask them to get me out of this at once, for I am to be executed shortly. Make haste as you value your master's life."

The face of the young officer paled as he heard this mysterious message, but with perfect coolness he nodded, quietly withdrew and passed on until he had gone some distance beyond the guard, when he turned at a right angle and was off like an arrow.

A half-hour passed, in which Haines was the prey of renewed torments. Might not another messenger have arrived with a duplicate of the death warrant, and his friends have been already executed? Or might they not be absent from the camp? These and a host of other agonizing doubts and fears were at length quieted by the heavy tread of a body of armed men approaching his prison, and in a few minutes a detachment of the commander's body guard, headed by Yih-Hun and Chan-Keo, appeared. The former demanded the prisoner from the commander of the guard, who at first declined to give him up, but upon the presentation of the Chinese commander's signet ring which Yih-Hun displayed as the symbol of his authority, he finally consented and Haines was liberated, Yih-Hun nodded to him coldly, motioning him to take a position between two files of soldiers. Haines, taking the cue, nodded curtly in reply, and did as directed. The party moved off, and in a short time reached the army headquarters. Haines followed Yih-Hun into the tent, and found himself in the presence of Ki-Tsin and Mauna-Qua. The greetings were cordial but their manner was constrained and subdued. Haines silently shook their proffered hands. Their faces were very pale, but calm and impassive. Mauna's had the immobility and pallor of a statue, but her dark eyes blazed with the fires of righteous indignation. The old nobleman read the letter through slowly and deliberately. His features betrayed no emotion. Only the swelling of the veins along his brow betrayed the feelings which he experienced.

"I have come," at length said Haines, "with the consent of my commander, to offer you an asylum in our camp. You surely owe no more allegiance to the tyrant who has condemned you, unheard, to an undeserved death. A higher allegiance is yours, to that Great Being who gave you an existence, not to be thrown away at the behest of a petty despot. Will you come with me? Think of Yih-Hun and Mauna. Will you allow her"——

"Had my ancestors," said the old noble, calmly, "received such an edict as this they would instantly and compendiously have fallen on their swords. Such was the fealty of former times to our Emperors. But the spirit of the times has changed, and we are changed with it. I do not feel that honor calls me to submit to this unrighteous sentence. I have served the emperor faithfully through a long life. My every thought has been for his glory, and my blood has been spilled like water in his cause. Now, in the midst of a successful campaign, which I am conscious of having conducted with skill and prudence, I am stripped of my titles and estates, condemned with my son to an unmerited death, and my daughter is delivered up to a man of the deepest infamy. My allegiance does not go far enough to make me submit to this. Such a reward for a lifetime of faithful service cancels every duty that I owe the emperor. I will not make myself accessory to his crime by submitting to his unrighteous sentence. I will accept your offer."

At the announcement of this determination Yih-Hun and Mauna fell upon their father's neck, the latter bursting into tears.

"There is no time to be lost," said Yih-Hun after his transport of feeling had passed. "Another messenger may arrive, and"—— At this moment a chorus of wild and blood-curdling yells was heard from the Tartar quarter of the camp, and Chan-Keo rushed in, exclaiming: "A messenger has arrived with another copy of the edict."

All hurried to the entrance of the tent. As they reached the open air the loud voice of an aereophone was heard making proclamation of the edict to the army.

"What is to be done?" cried Haines; but Yih-Hun had already determined upon a plan of action.

"Chan," he cried, "throw the bodyguard in front of those two balloons," indicating two air-ships which were moored near at hand. "Father, Mauna, Haines, get into that first balloon quickly."

"And you?" cried Mauna.

"Never mind me," was the reply; and he darted, as he spoke, to the second of the two air ships. This was one devoted to the transportation of a whang-ho, or Greek fire-gun. This balloon had no car, only an immense retort of bone-mesh, cased in steel, with the accompanying Ke-li motor, being suspended beneath it. Yih Hun seized one of the rods which sustained the apparatus and clambered to the top of the great tank. It was smooth and slippery, but he wedged himself among the levers which directed and discharged the engine, and cried to Chan-Keo to cut the cable.

"As soon as I am off get the body guard in the other balloon and hurry off. I will protect your retreat." Chan-Keo with a few strokes of his razor-like sword soon severed the slender cable and the balloon shot swiftly upward.

While this had been taking place an unorganized mass of soldiery had attacked the body-guard, which had thus thus far succeeded in repelling them. The assaults, however, grew fiercer and fiercer. The small body of defenders was about to be overcome when a thin spray of liquid flame, directed by the hand of Yih-Hun spurted among the throng of their assailants. A dreadful scene ensued. Scores of men, burning with inextinguishable fire, threw down their arms and rushed about with the aimless frenzy of intolerable pain, uttering the most fearful and appalling cries, until their torments silenced them forever. Screaming jets of flame dashed frantically about the camp, communicating the quenchless fire to others upon whom the awful spray had not originally fallen.

Luckily there was not time for the fugitives to fully appreciate the horror of the scene. No sooner had Yih-Hun directed this dreadful discharge than his voice was heard crying from mid-air, "To the balloon! to the balloon!" The order was quickly obeyed. The remnant of the body-guard leaped on board, the cable was cut, and the second air-ship shot up after the first, receiving a parting volley in its ascent, which, however, did little harm. The fugitives were safe for the instant, but pursuit was certain. Already the voice of Wo-Lee could be heard calling the troops to man the balloons, and in a few minutes one was manned and arose in pursuit. It had not ascended far, however, before a thin sheet of fire shot from Yih-Hun's balloon, and dashed the pursuing air-ship, a blazing wreck, to the ground. The whang-ho's in the balloons at anchor could not be elevated sufficiently to bear upon the fugitives, and the Tartar general now called frantically for volunteers to take one of these aloft. No one came forward, however.

The fiery eyes of the Chinese officer glared about him for a moment with fearful ferocity. Then, with a yell, he seized the support of the Greek fire-engine next him, and reached the top of its reservoir and ordered the cable to be cut. They watched him from the two fleeing balloons with breathless interest. They could not but admire his courage, human tiger though he was. The two air-ships had now reached a distance of some mile and a half from the Chinese camp, having been borne along by a slight easterly breeze. The balloon bearing Wo-Lee shot up and presently reached an altitude nearly that of those he pursued. The contest began. A thin line of fire, like the trail of a meteor, shot from Wo-Lee's balloon, cleaving the air at a distance of some hundred yards from Yih-Hun, followed by a harsh, whistling sound. What a duel! Two mortals riding on the wings of the night and wielding the weapons of the genii. And now the air was filled with incessant flashes, while the whistling sound of the jets of liquid fire arose to a harsh and continuous screech. Dreadful sounds of anguish could be heard below, where the fire, missing its aerial targets, fell to earth on man and beast.

The scene was brilliantly illuminated by the blazing forests and prairies, ignited by the fiery rain, and in this uncanny light the faces of the thousands of gazing Chinese soldiery, upturned to the sky, looked white and ghastly.

But although Yih-Hun was as yet unharmed, it was plainly evident to the breathless spectators in the second balloon that he was making a losing fight. The Chinese camp had already recovered from its panic, and the dark forms of other balloons bearing whang-ho's could be seen rising to assist in the pursuit. To add to the horror of the situation, something about the mechanism of Yih-Hun's engine seemed to have become disarranged, as his fire suddenly ceased, and he could be seen anxiously working over the discharging levers of the weapons. The Tartar General evidently comprehended the situation fully, as he ceased his own fire and, with a grin of devilish malignity, waited until he should be within a certain and deadly range of his opponent. Swiftly, steadily, on the growing breeze, his air-ship approached the fugitive. Yih-Hun could be seen working with the energy of despair on the mechanism of his weapon, but apparently with no avail.

In the second balloon Mauna-Qua is shuddering in her lover's arms, her face hidden in his bosom. The old nobleman is standing erect, rigid, with folded arms, and the expression of a statue of bronze. Haines has turned his eyes from the impending tragedy. There is no sense of fear in his soul. They are doomed. It is inevitable, and there is a strange, dreamy sense of voluptuousness in the idea of dying with her he loves.

Suddenly there is a cry from the men in the forward part of the balloon. "What is that? Do you see that?" Before this cry can be fully comprehended there is a broad sheet of vivid lightning, which makes the conflagration of the forest below look dim; there is a burst of thunder that shakes the earth and makes the adjacent buttes and mountains ring again; there is a long, ringing, blood-curdling scream, suggestive both of fierceness and despair, like the shriek of a demon returned to hell, and the air-ship of Wo-Lee, struck to its center by an electric-bolt, which liberates its imprisoned fires and ignites its huge reservoir of gas, bursts with a report that is heard for a score of leagues, and with a flash of such awful, unearthly, indescribable brilliancy that the eyes, stabbed by its fearful intensity, are blinded for long moments after. No fragment of Wo-Lee falls to earth. He is consumed to ashes in mid-air.

As soon as the dazzled eyes of the fugitives were again capable of vision, an immense, dark object of strange shape was seen darting swiftly to the westward towards the other pursuing balloons of the Chinese.

CHAPTER XII.

THE THUNDERER'S SALUTE.

Two days before the events narrated in the preceding chapter took place an unusual and interesting incident occurred at the Falls of Niagara. The immense American Fall had almost wholly disappeared, and in place of the enormous sheet of water could be seen only a high, black precipice, seamed with many crevices and scars, over the face of which there trickled at intervals small and insignificant rivulets of water.

An enormous diagonal wingdam of cyclopean masonry had been built out into the Niagara River, its upper arm projecting far above and obliquely beyond Goat Island, while its lower end terminated in a huge basin upon the American side, into which the struggling waters of the river were forced to flow despite themselves. From this basin, through massive gateways, the water flowed into an immense granite-lined flume, constructed close to the edge of the cliffs which skirt the river below the fall, and running parallel with the same as far as the eye could reach.

At intervals of not more than 75 or 100 feet huge turbines were placed at the bottom of the cliffs, which were supplied with water by the flume above, with a head or pressure of from 175 to 200 feet. At corresponding intervals, upon the opposite and eastern side of the flume, large buildings had been erected from which there came the loud and familiar sounds made by the largest type of dynamo.

Adown the course of the river, past the railroad bridge, past the rapids, past the whirlpool, away far beyond the reach of sight stretched the apparently endless line of turbines and dynamos. A din louder than that formerly made by the great fall, before its majesty had departed, arose from the myriad of flying wheels and whirring shafts. Here was power almost infinite; power sufficient to have worked Archimede's lever had fulcrum been provided for it.

On the morning of the day referred to unusual stir and excitement were apparent among the army of mechanics and workmen employed in these new and stupendous works. The streets were filled with idle but excited spectators, and the trains of the many bicycle railronds centering at that point were constantly adding to the numbers of lookers-on. The air seemed filled with anxious expectancy. Some important event was evidently about to take place.

In a large square, or plaza, which had been reserved during the construction of the works referred to, a huge, circular pit, shaped like a building had been erected, surmounted by a movable dome. To this building there led, from the long line of turbines and dynamos, a network of large insulated cables. The constant din of machinery could be heard from within, but ingress was sternly refused to the curious by a line of sentries. This building seemed, for some reason or another, to be the center of interest of the crowd, which pressed closely about the sentries in their desire to approach the same more nearly. On the opposite side of the plaza, facing the structure just named, a large platform or stand had been erected, capable of holding perhaps a thousand persons. It was evident that some important ceremony was here to take place. At 10 o'clock a brigade of troops wheeled into the square, and were drawn up about the platform. By 11 o'clock the crowd began to fill with invited guests, and the arrival of persons of more or less celebrity was announced from time to time by the cheers of the crowd.

In the middle front of the platform a reserved portion still remained untenanted, save by an old gentleman and his two companions. This person was not of striking appearance, though the strong lines about his closely shaven chin and the resolute expression of his deep blue eyes might have indicated him to a close observer as a man of more than ordinary force and ability. His age appeared to be about 70 years. He was evidently quite deaf from the manner in which his companions addressed him, but the vigorous tones of his voice and the energy of his movements indicated that his other faculties were unimpaired. Near to the position occupied by this person stood a standard or cabinet, upon the top of which appeared a half-dozen or more gauges or indicators, with other apparatus of a less obvious character.

While the stand was filling with the guests of the occasion the old gentleman was engaged in conversation with his companions. The first of these—a young man in the uniform of a captain of infantry, whose right arm hung in a sling, and the pale cheek of whose face, still tinted recent illness—would have been readily recognized by any officer of the Army of the West as Francis Fuller, recently promoted to his present position for gallantry at the battle of Utet. The other, a man of some fifty years, had that long, peculiarly shaped head and abstract expression which invariably portrays the scientist. Here and there, forty or a colony of engineers, and was, in fact, Col. Frank A. Wells, Electrician-in-chief of the Army of the West.

"How many volts now, colonel?" inquired the old gentleman, cheerfully, as he briskly rubbed his hands.

"Fifteen million seven hundred and forty-three thousand four hundred and fifty," read the colonel, glancing at one of the gauges at hand.

"That will do. Nephew Frank, tell them to charge the reservoir." Fuller communicated this order by a few words through a telephone at hand.

"The storage batteries seem to have about all we can expect them to carry, too," continued the speaker, glancing at another dial. "Tell them to keep them at that." This second order was also transmitted. "Now," said the old gentleman, pleasantly, "we are ready for the Great Mogul as soon as he is ready for us."

Not long after this remark had been made there arose a tumultuous shouting, which swelled into a cheer; the military bands crashed into "Hail to the Chief," and the President of the United States, Mr. Whelpford, made his appearance surrounded by a glittering train of military, naval, diplomatic and civil dignitaries. The party was shown to their appointed place, while the little old gentleman received the executive and his immediate suite.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Edison," said the President, somewhat effusively. "Is everything going off well?"

"I think so, sir," was the reply. "We are ready when you are."

"Very well. Take your own time."

The bustle occasioned by the arrival of the newcomers had now subsided, and a death-like silence fell over the immense throng in the square. Tens of thousands of eyes glanced nervously from the old gentleman on the platform to the mysterious building before them and then back to the first-named object. A nervous shudder passed over the crowd. The man upon the stand glanced nervously at the indicators before him, spoke a few words in a low tone to his assistants, looked a moment absently over the throng below him, drew a long breath and pressed an electric button.

A grating sound as the sides of the huge steel dome rolled apart! A crash from 50 military bands! A cheer from 100,000 throats! A strange, shrill, whistling sound; and amid all the din something of immense size and unfamiliar shape shot with prodigious speed from the now open roof of the building, and in an instant was almost lost to sight in the clear and cloudless sky.

A second afterwards there was a blinding flash of lightning, a heart-quaking burst of thunder, and a huge cliff, plainly visible to the spectators, was riven as by an earthquake.

"The Lammergeir's first salute!" said Mr. Edison, quietly. "She'll do I guess. Eh? Mr. President."

* * * * * *

That evening the Lammergeir, fully manned and equipped, with her immense reservoir, or Leyden jar, stored with the lightnings which the power of Niagara had been generating for months past, left the place of her construction at a speed of 200 miles per hour, under command of Cap

Recent Literature.

The Latest Volumes That Have Reached the Blade Book Table.

"Walford," by Ellen Olney Kirk, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., far surpasses any other novel by Mrs. Kirk, with the exception of "The Story of Margaret Kent," and will add to her already established reputation as an author of infinite charm.

"Strangers and Wayfarers," by Sarah Orne Jewett, comes from the same publishers. One can scarcely find a more delightful book for an half hours reading. In fact, there are no dull stories in the collection.

Two books also from Houghton & Mifflin are "The Story Hour" and "Timothy's Quest," both by the same author, Kate Douglas Wiggin.

The story of "Doctor Le Baron and His Daughters" is from the pen of Jane G. Austin, the author of "Standish of Standish," and other interesting stories which refer to the Old Colony times.

New editions of two books, which have won their way to the popular heart, are issued primarily for the holiday trade by the United States Book company, New York. They are both by Grace Greenwood, and are entitled respectively, "Stories of My Childhood and Other Tales" and "History of My Pets."

From the same publishing house comes the following pamphlet novels, most of them from writers whose names are a guaranty of their excellence. "A Laggard in Love," by Jeanie Gwynne Bethany; "A Bride From the Bush," by a new writer; "A Very Young Couple," by B. L. Farjeon; "La Beau Sabreur," by Annie Thomas; "The Black-Box Murder, by The Man Who Discovered the Murderer;" "The Demoniac," by Walter Besant; "Brave Heart and True," by Florence Marryat, and "Basil and Annette," by B. L. Farjeon.

A new series is commenced by the publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., 753 Broadway, New York. It is named appropriately the Giunta Series, (pronounced Joonta) after the great printers of the classics, the father and son Giunta. The following have been already received:

"Four Frenchwomen," by Austin Dobson. Small 12mo, cloth. This volume embraces sketches of Mademoiselle de Corday, Madame Roland, Madame de Genlis, and the Princesse de Lamballe. With a portrait of Mademoiselle de Corday, etched by Thomas Johnson.

"Christie Johnstone." A novel by Charles Reade. With a frontispiece in photogravure by Wilson de Meza.

"The Journal of Maurice de Guerin." Translated from the French by Miss Jessie Frothingham.

"Peg Woffington." A novel by Charles Reade. In two volumes, with an etched portrait by Thomas Johnson. Each of these are sold for $1.25.

"Battle Fields and Camp Fires" is the title of a valuable book from the pen of Willis J. Abbott, author of the "Blue Jackets" histories and the "Battle Fields of '61." It is a graphic narrative of the military operations of the civil war from the removal of McClellan in the late summer of 1862 to the great success of Grant in 1863. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

In a volume of uncommon beauty for a novel, printed in large type, with fourteen good photogravure illustrations, an important part of the story of Fra Lippo Lippi's life is told by Margaret Vere Farrington, with enough of the veil of romance thrown over it to excite the curious interest of others besides artists. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Tabular Views of Universal History. A series of chronologied tables presenting in parallel columns a record of the more noteworthy events in the history of the world from the earliest times down to 1890. Compiled by G. P. Putnam, A. M., and continued to date by Lynds E. Jones, is also published by the Putnams.

Two comprehensive volumes of poetry have been added to the exquisite Knickerbocker Nuggets, containing a compilation by Jessie P. Dennett, author of "Heart Echoes," and "The Love Poems of Three Centuries—1390-1890." G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

In the "Heroes of the Nations" Series, which is being brought out by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, under the editorship of Evelyn Abbot, of Oxford, "Gustavus Adolphus," the hero of the struggle of Protestantism for existence, deservedly finds an honorable place. The author, C. R. L. Fletcher, M. A., late Fellow of All Souls, fitly terms his hero the national hero of Sweden. The volume is one of rare historical and biographical value, and is a model of character study.

In the Putnam's "Questions of the Day" is discussed "The Questions of Ships" which includes "The Decay of Our Ocean Mercantile Marine—Its Cause and Cure," by David A. Wells, and "Shipping Subsidies and Bounties," by Captain John Codman.

"A Ward of the Golden Gate," by Bret Harte, is a variation from the usual run of Bret Harte's California stories, that it is located in the city and not in the mines. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

"The Art of Playwriting," by Alfred Henniquin, is also from this publishing house. The author has brought together in convenient form a mass of facts relating to the theater and drama, which could only be acquired by long and laborious study such as the author has evidently given to the subject.

"Alfrieda" is a new novel by Mrs. Emma E. H. Specht, of St. Louis. It is a work of originality and strength, and has attracted considerable attention. St. Louis: Joseph Specht.

Dodd, Mead & Co. also issue the "Doctor's Dilemma," by Hesba Stretton, which is a readable story, though somewhat diffusely related.

In the new series of books which Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, have begun to issue, entitled, "Makers of America," we have "Alexander Hamilton," by William Graham Sumner.

A handsome volume is "Wannetta, the Sioux," by Warren K. Moorhead, author of "Fort Ancient, with an Account of Its Mounds and Graves," and especially interesting just at this time, when Indian affairs are beginning to attract attention. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Two beautiful volumes come from the same house, bound in green and gold, and containing "The Gallant Lords of Bois-Doré," the well known novel of George Sand, translated from the French by Steven Cloris.

A pretty and interesting little work is "Desirie, Queen of Sweden and Norway," is translated from the French of Baron Hochschild by Mrs. M. Carey. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

A beautiful little volume literally bound in cloth of gold is issued by Lee & Shepard, Boston. It is entitled "Baby's Kingdom," and upon the pages are given in quaint lettering, pretty poems referring to the baby, while there are left blank pages for records of baby's doings, to be preserved for grown up days. It may well be termed the mother's story of the progress of the baby. It is designed and illustrated by Annie F. Cox, who has done an artistic piece of work.

"The Ancient Cibola, the Marvellous Country, or, Three Years in Arizona and New Mexico," by Samuel W. Cozzens, is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. This is a reprint of a volume which met with large favor when first published in 1876. The volume makes up 550 pages, and is handsomely illustrated.

"The World's Desire" is the title of the new book by H. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang, just published by Harper & Brothers, New York. It is a later "Odyssey,"—a sequel, in a certain sense, to Homer's immortal story. The story is remarkable alike for the novelty and the boldness of its plan and execution.

One of the handsomest books for the holiday trade is, "Sonnets, by William Wordsworth, with Drawings by Alfred Parsons." It is an exceedingly fine piece of work. Harper & Bros., New York.

The bound volume of *Harper's Young People* for 1890 is in no respect inferior to its predecessors, either in the excellence of its reading matter or the beauty of its illustrations.

"Freedom Triumphant," by Charles Carleton Coffin, the author of so many stories about the past history of our country, is a magnificent volume also issued by the Harpers. It covers what is called the fourth period of the war of the Rebellion from September, 1864, to its close.

"Maroussin, a Maid of Ukraine," is translated from the French of P. J. Stahl by Cornelia W. Cyr, and published by Dodd, Mead & Co. Although written for rather young readers, the rather old will be interested in it.

Ernest Ingersoll's new story, "The Silver Mining Caves," from the same publishers, is one of the tales of our Far West which can be safely put into the hands of boys, for it is far above the "dime novel" style.

"Flirt," a story of Parisian life, by Paul Herrieu, and illustrated by Mme. Madeline Lemaire, is a book published in sumptuous style by the Worthington company, New York.

The well-known and stirring poem by T. Buchanan Read, entitled "Sheridan's Ride," comes put up in a very pretty form from J. B. Lippincott company, Philadelphia. It is finely illustrated from designs prepared especially for this edition.

DANCING MARIONETTES.

Fun Making Toys for Coming Winter Evenings.

Marionettes, says a sanguine inventor must have an inherent life of their own. The clown, the Columbine and all the figures representing animals will now caper about on their own hook.

Worn out visiting cards, matchsticks, these are the very simple materials with which people who are fond of a little nonsense now and then can fashion all the figures represented by these designs, which can at any time be set in motion like mechanical toys.

Take, for instance, a clown. First draw and paint the figure on the back of a card—the body and head first, then the two legs and arms; carefully cut out these five pieces, place the body on a table and above it the legs and arms in a position of rest.

Now these limbs must be joined, and this is how it is to be done. Take, for instance, an arm, mark with a pencil at the shoulder end of the arm, the exact spot forming the axis of rotation; pierce a hole with a pin at this point and put it through the shoulder in the body. Bend a matchstick at the centre as much as possible without breaking and drop a little melted sealing wax, joining the two ligaments to the arm and body respectively, making the part forming the joint be in contact with the pin. Do the same for the other limbs, remove the four pins and the figure is complete. Now we have to give it life.

All that has to be done for this is to place the side of the figure on which are the matches in a plate containing a thin layer, so to say, of water. The bent fibres of wood which have not been broken will swell by means of the moisture absorbed and will try to regain their rectilineal position. The figure will

then make a series of abrupt movements, which are very amusing. The legs and arms will move apart as those do which are moved by a string. Be careful to use only large, common matchsticks. The Swedish ones are impregnated with paraffine and would not move as required.

Each one can put the mode of fashioning these figures as he likes best. A ballet girl who can lift her foot to her forehead, a rooster which can move its legs about, are pretty easy to make. A horse with twelve different joints is a bit too difficult for an amateur. For the horse each leg is composed of three different portions.

Instead of placing the figure on a plate we can put a drop of water on each joint with the finger or with a paint brush, and the effect will be the same.

The winter evenings are coming which cause young and old to assemble round the family table. The time seems favorable to recommend to our readers these new dancing marionettes.

$2,500 For a Lost Cat.

The equivalent in English money of $2,500 was once offered by an old lady in London for the return of a favorite cat which had strayed or been stolen. People called her a "crank," and perhaps she was. It is unfortunate that one of the gentler sex should ever gain this title, yet many do. It is, however, frequently not their fault. Often functional derangements will apparently change a woman's entire nature. Don't blame such sufferers if they are "cranky," but tell them to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is an infallible remedy for "female weaknesses." It will soon restore them to their normal condition. It is *warranted* to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be returned.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills; 25 cents a vial; one a dose.

THE ELEPHANT HOOK.

It is a Cruel Weapon, but Without it Keepers Would be Powerless.

The elephant is managed by means apparently cruel, for in his hands the driver always carries an iron instrument shaped like a boat hook, having a sharp spike projecting several inches beyond the curved hook. The elephant hook is about twenty inches long and weighs from four to six pounds, and is really a formidable weapon.

It is used with what appears to be merciless severity, for the beast is urged to greater speed by digging the sharp pike into its head and held back by tugging at its ear with the hook. Cruel as the spike is, it is the only method of managing the animal, for without his hook a mahout is as helpless as a donkey driver without a stick. The knowledge that his rider is thus armed is sufficient to keep the refractory elephant in order, while without it the animal might, on sudden provocation, drag the rider from his seat and trample him under foot. The use of the hook, however, always seems to excite the elephant's indignation, for every application is followed by grumbling remonstrance.

—BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Bilious and Nervous ills.

Visiting the Waleses.

Now that the Prince and Princess of Wales have established themselves at Sandringham for the early winter, they have begun to receive their usual round of visitors. They do not believe in the big family dining table reaching all down the room, which has the result of limiting conversation to two. At Sandringham the pleasanter plan is always adopted of small round tables, dotted about the room, and the party at the royal table is varied at night so as to include, if possible, every guest in turn.

USE St Jacobs Oil The Great REMEDY FOR PAIN

Beautiful Americans.

Some of the Famous New York Beauties.

The sun never shone on a fairer woman than Mrs. Yznaga, who was Mrs. Mabel Wright. She has the sunny hair of the daughters of the North. Claret and cream commingled are found in her

MRS. MABEL WEIGHT-YZNAGA.

cheeks. The noble poise of her head, the classic features, the clear, firm lines of her throat and shoulders, might be cast into a statue and make a sculptor famous.

Miss Sallie Hargous is one of the famous beauties of New York. In her is found the dark Spanish type. Her Southern beauty is shown in the inky

MISS SALLIE HARGOUS.

locks, the great black eyes, the olive skin, through which roses steal, to which should be added the sparkling vivacity of her manner, her graceful carriage and splendid health, all of which makes a rare specimen of American beauty.

There are few more lovely women than Mrs. Henry Clews. Ever since she has been in New York she has been recognized as one of the reigning beauties, and

MRS. HENRY CLEWS.

she seems to grow fairer as the years go by. Hers is a Madonna face of singular purity and sweetness. Her eyes are the softest brown, her hair a chestnut and her complexion like the soft bloom on the peach. Added to this, she has a beautiful figure and a very graceful one.

A regal beauty is Mrs. Charles Albert Stevens. Such a face as hers is found only about the Lakes of Killarney, outside of this great country. Under the dark-brown hair are sapphire eyes, fringed with long, black lashes. In the sunlight her hair becomes a flashing amber, and the eyes grow darker still. She is taller than most women, and a queen never carried herself more splen-

MRS. CHARLES A. STEVENS.

didly. Truly, she is "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair." And when she is in the saddle she is fairer than any modern queen could possibly be.

Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, jr., is a daughter of the open air. Her light hair, creamy complexion, with its dash of color from

MRS. PIERRE LORILLARD, JR.

her outdoor life, and deep-blue changing eyes, make her one of the most lovely of American women.

Cold Waves

Are predicted with reliable accuracy, and people liable to the pains and aches of rheumatism dread every change to damp or stormy weather. Although Hood's Sarsaparilla is not claimed to be a positive specific for rheumatism, the remarkable cures it has effected show that it may be taken for this complaint with reasonable certainty of benefit. Its action in neutralizing the acidity of the blood, which is the cause of rheumatism, constitutes the secret of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you suffer from rheumatism, give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial; it will do you good.

TRY SOME OF THESE.

Children everywhere have been tested with the sentence "Peter Piper's Peck of Picked Peppers." An infinite amount of amusement for old and young has been gotten out of those few words. Here are some sentences quite as difficult, perhaps more so:

The cat ran over the river with a live lump of raw liver in her mouth.

I slily slit six sheets; six sheets were slily slit.

Gaze on the gay gray brigade.

The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.

Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show?

Strange strategic statistics.

Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig-whip.

Sarah in a shawl shoveled soft snow softly.

She sells sea-shells.

Smith's spirit flask split Philip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.

There is enough here to give the youngsters many a laugh, and that is about all life is worth living for nowadays.

—It is a great misfortune for the young and middle aged to be gray. To overcome this and appear young, use Hall's Renewer, a reliable panacea.

THE SKY IN DECEMBER.

The sun reaches an interesting and important stage in its course about three weeks hence, says the astronomer of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. On December 21, because of the actual movement of the earth around the sun, the latter body seems to reach the extreme southerly point in its path, and, swinging in its course, begins its six months' march to the northward. At that time the days in the northerly half of the globe are at about their shortest point, as on June 21 they are at or near their longest. In the lattitude of St. Louis the duration of the daylight period on December 21 will be 9 hours and 27 minutes, as compared with 14 hours and 54 minutes on June 21, a falling off of 5 hours and 27 minutes in the interval.

On December 12 the last of the three eclipses in the annals of 1890 will take place. It is to be an eclipse of the sun, but, unfortunately, it will not be visible to dwellers in the United States. In Australia it may be seen, but will not be in the field of view in any other part of the world inhabited by enlightened people.

In December the evening sky will be robbed of one of its chief attractions by the disappearance of Venus. Even the casual observer has noticed that for several weeks past the distance separating the planetary queen from the sun has been steadily and rapidly shortening, and that the duration of the former's stay above the horizon after the latter has been continually growing less. On December 3 they are in conjunction, and both will sink below the horizon together. About the close of the month Venus, as morning star, may be seen in the east, rising before the sun and dimming all the other orbs in her vicinity by the brilliancy of her luster.

Within the past few weeks two planets which have been visible for months past in the southerly part of the firmament have changed places. These orbs are Jupiter and Mars. Jupiter during all this time, until about two weeks ago, was farther to the east than the other, rising and setting later. Mars's movement to the east, however, as respects the fixed stars, carried him nearer and nearer to his giant companion, and on November 13 they were in conjunction and were only about a degree apart. Mars since then has been farther to the east than the other, and the distance between them is steadily growing. He will fill the role of evening star for several months to come, but he is too low in the firmament in a southerly direction and too distant to be conspicuous.

In the absence of Venus there will be no orb visible at the close of the evening twilight to share the glories or dispute the supremacy of Jupiter. Not until after the appearance of Sirius will any star come into the field of view which rivals the giant planet in brilliancy and grandeur, and by the time that Sirius appears in the southeast, Jupiter will be setting in the southwest. At the beginning of December Jupiter will be in view until about 8:44, but at the end of the month he will set a few minutes after 7 o'clock.

The only other planet which in December comes into the category of "evening stars" is Mercury. This planet swung over to the east side of the sun about the middle of November, and from this time onward to the close of the year he will be in the field of vision after sunset for periods ranging from half an hour to an hour and a half.

Saturn, while not technically an evening star until early in 1891, will rise before midnight in the first week of December, and will come into view before 11 o'clock in the latter days of the month. He is still in the constellation of the Lion, not far from Regulus, the most prominent luminary of that star group. Many brilliant orbs will be in the easterly part of the firmament at the time of Saturn's appearance, but his steady glow and dark-yellowish luster will render him easily distinguishable from all the other objects in his vicinity.

Uranus is a morning star at present, and Neptune, the telescopic planet, is not of much interest to the ordinary stargazer.

The interesting lunar-planetary conjunctions of December will occur on the 15th, 16th and 31st. On the 15th the moon visits Jupiter, the latter, at the closest approach, being 3¾ degrees north of the earth's satellite, a degree presenting an angular measure of about twice the apparent diameter of the full moon. At that time the moon will be four days old, and both moon and planet will be in the southwest when they come into view.

A day later, or on the 16th, the moon moves past the spot occupied by Mars. In this case the closest approach will take place just before sunset, and not, as in the conjunction in which Jupiter figured, in the dead of night. The distance separating moon and planet, however, will be greater in the later occurrence than in the earlier one, as Mars, when at his nearest, will be 4½ degrees from the moon. As in the other event, the planet will be the farther to the north.

To those who remain up late the conjunction of the 31st, in which Saturn appears, will be the most interesting of all. Moon and planet will be nearer to each other—3¼ degrees apart—than in the earlier spectacles, and the nearest approach will be made about the time that both orbs appear into the field of vision. They will be in full sight at 11 o'clock, and may be seen from that time until the rising sun blots them from view.

Several prominent stars will come into view on the easterly side of the firmament at the close of evening twilight before the middle of December which were not in sight at so early an hour since the spring months ended. Among these are Betelguese, Rigel, Castor and Pollux and Procyon. Selecting 9 o'clock in the opening week of December for observation, and beginning with the west side of the sky, we may see Vega in the northwest, Altair in the southwest, Fomalhaut in the same quarter, but lower; Aldebaren near the zenith to the east, Betelguese high above the horizon, a little south of the easterly point; Rigel, further south and somewhat nearer the horizon than Betelguese; the twin stars Castor and Pollux near each other, and north of Betelguese; Procyon, directly in the east and nearer the horizon than the twins; the flaming Sirius, still nearer the horizon and in the southeast, not far from Rigel, and Capella in the north near the zenith.

Among the most striking star groups which may be seen at 9 o'clock early in December are the Eagle, in which Altair appears; Orion, of which Betelguese and Rigel are a part, and the Great Bear (or Dipper) and the Lady in Her Chair. The Bear is now close to the horizon in the north under the Pole Star, while the Lady is high above that orb, the W formed by the five leading stars of the group being faced downward.

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Imparts Renewed Strength
and vigor where there has been exhaustion.

SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY.

An Ideal Wife.—"Dear child, the dinner today is absolutely uneatable." "Well, surely, Charles, you did not marry me for the sake of eating."—[Fliegende Blatter.

"So Fordham Hights has married Mrs. Beacon, eh?" "Yes. I'm surprised, too. She is a woman of no family." "You must be mistaken. Fordy told me she had five children."—[Harper's Bazar.

A Linguist.—Merchant—"Can you manage to make yourself understood when French or Spanish customers come to the store?" Would-be clerk—"Certainly, if they know how to talk English."—[Texas Siftings.

He Misunderstood.—Jayesmith—"Can you oblige me with a ten-dollar bill?" Gargoyle—"The obligation is yours." Jayesmith (pleased)—"You flatter me." (Gargoyle—"You misunderstand. You oblige me to refuse."—[West Shore.

She Hit Him Just Right.—Miss Nestle—"Are you interested in the language of flowers, Mr. Appolis?" Mr. Appolis (of St. Paul)—"I should say I was! Spring wheat, longs an' shorts, staple brands, an' millin' machinery is my pet hobbies. Seen them patent barley packin'?"—Judge.

Pater—(severely)—"My son, this is a disgraceful condition of affairs. This report says you are the last boy in a class of 22." Henry—"It might have been worse, father." Pater—"I can't see how." Henry—"There might have been more boys in the class."—[Brooklyn Life.

Saying.—"In heaven's name, Mr. Mayor, the town hall is on fire! Give me the key to the engine house so that we can get at the fire engine!" "I guess not, fellow. Is it not enough to lose the town hall, and now you want to ruin the engine too!"—[Fliegende Blätter.

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make a long tail (tale) short. A man, after he has eaten a good dinner, may feel extravagantly joyous; but the next day—oh! but he is surly and grim, his stomach and liver are sluggish, he is morose, despondent and "out of sorts" generally. But he may get a prompt return for his money by purchasing Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

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AN AIR DRUNKARD.

How to Avoid Pneumonia—A New York Lawyer's Novel Idea.

A slim young man walked briskly up Broadway, last evening, says the New York *Sun*. There was nothing striking about his personal appearance except his chest, which swelled out as if it would rip the buttons off his coat. At Canal street the crowd blocked his way. He scowled, looked angry, and then a great white cloud issued from his lips. "Twenty," he muttered. His chest slowly fell to normal size, but only for a moment, for disengaging himself from the hurrying throng, he caught his former swinging gait, his shoulders went back and his chest rose again to its full prominence.

A *Sun* young man recognized him as a lawyer in the Equitable building with whom he had an acquaintance. He tapped him on the arm and said: "Taking your constitutional?" "No, I am out on my daily drunk. I see you look surprised. Yes, you're right; I don't drink, but I have a way to get exhilarated on oxygen, and so I take an air spree every day. I learned the trick by accident a year ago. I live in Clinton place. As I had been confined in the office every day, last Thanksgiving a year ago I found myself suffering from symptoms of pneumonia. I believed breathing would cure me, and one evening in walking from Park place home I tried on how many exhalations I could walk to Clinton place, 25 blocks of varying size, making a distance of nearly a mile and a half.

"At first I found it difficult to hold my breath for more than a few paces, but by the time I reached Prince street my lungs were working better. I was in a profuse perspiration from head to foot. It seemed that I had discovered depths in my lungs I never thought existed. Every inhalation seemed to go down to my very shoes. My feet felt light and I seemed to eat up the distance. As I neared Clinton place I began to feel distressed. I know now that I did too much at first. Various colors flashed before my eyes. When my breath went out I felt empty. On arriving at Clinton place I had a sharp shooting pain across my temples. When I stood still it seemed as if my head would break. But this feeling gradually passed away and in half an hour I was feeling splendid. I noted down the count of breaths that first night—98.

"I kept up the practice from that day, and my lung capacity has so increased that last Thursday I walked the same distance on 58 breaths, having nearly doubled my breathing forces. My chest measurement a year ago was 37 inches; now it is 40. I have not had a touch of pulmonic trouble since that day. A few days after my first trial I tested my lungs in a trip over the Brooklyn bridge. The walk of 5,980 feet, 700 feet over a mile, was made on 87 breaths. Last week I did the same distance on 58 breaths in the face of a stiff, raw wind." "Has your increased lung capacity been of any other practical benefit to you?"

"Yes. A few months ago I was in a hotel fire in the West. I was one of the last awakened. My room was full of smoke. I put a wet towel over my mouth and through it drew one of my long breaths. On that single inhalation I made my way through the smoke-filled halls. Had I taken one breath of the smoke I would have become confused, and would never have got out alive. I am firmly convinced that if people knew how to hold their breath there would be fewer deaths at fires.

"I can now hold my breath over a minute and a half, where a year ago forty-five minutes was my usual limit. My tendency to become round shouldered has entirely disappeared. My step has become elastic and my appetite ravenous. I have all of my clothes very loose to give room for expansion in my walks."

THE DEMAGOGUE.

As showing the great value attached to the political novel of the late D. R. LOCKE the following review of "The Demagogue" is reproduced from the Philadelphia *American*:

No one knew more intimately the inside facts of American politics in the period of 1860-70, especially in the West, (not the far West), than Mr. David R. Locke. The man who could write the best of the "Nasby" letters did not want knowledge of the means and methods by which political results were reached, even to the end of the details which are least pleasing to the moralist. In the posthumous novel which has just been published, from his pen, "The Demagogue," he draws with vigorous strokes a strong figure, Caleb Mason, the Ohio Congressman. This is a man, born in poverty, encountering as he rises all the dislike and opposition of those who know his origin, but succeeding by sheer force of native ability. Fertile in resource, quick in movement, unscrupulous as to methods, strong of will, eloquent of speech, this man becomes the demagogue of his district, and holds its affairs in his grasp until at length the structure of political corruption and personal dishonesty which he has reared breaks down. There are other well-drawn characters in the story, including his wife, who marries him out of ambitious, and hates him and abandons him in the midst of the final catastrophe; Gleason, the young lawyer, who for a time serves under Mason, but breaks away in time to save himself; and Dr. Blanchard, who in vain seeks to lead the better side of the party against Mason's demoralizing rule. The value of the book lies in its portrayal of the Demagogue himself, and in its vivid recital of the means by which he obtained and held power. It is worth attention as a scientific study of a seriously important side of American politics.

Emperor William and His Ma.

The relations between Emperor William, of Germany, and his mother, have subsided from bitter hostility into what Lord Beaconsfield would have defined as "a sort of bad-tempered understanding." The emperor has a morbid jealousy of his mother, and he has made it perfectly plain that he will not permit her to take a leading part even at court, and if his wife can not fill her proper place at state functions, he will be both emperor and empress himself, rather than have his mother again prominently to the fore.

Art Criticism.

"So you are at work on another picture," said one young Washington man, who is prominent in art circles, to another.

"Yes; it's a scene of a duel; one of the combatants is supposed to be saying 'Draw, villain!'"

"Well, old fellow, I must say you have carried your idea out admirably. The drawing is villainous."—[Washington Post.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

"I'll Go, For One."

IT SOMETIMES occurred in army life that a person's modesty, or sensitiveness, was more potent than their fear of danger, or of injury. An incident illustrating this occurred in my own company in June, 1864, at Dallas Woods, or Burnt Hickory. Our brigade was required to advance the lines under a galling picket fire; it was a kind of left wheel, the right advancing several hundred yards, while the left advanced but a few steps. After getting into position a short distance to the rear of our picket line a detail from each company, of about one-third of the whole, was called for to go out and strengthen the pickets so as to check a charge, if one should be made before a line of works could be thrown up. Lieut. Edginton, who commanded the company, stated the case and called for volunteers, being unwilling to detail men in such an emergency, although the danger was even less, perhaps, than to remain and work at fortifying. Now, I suppose there was not a man in the company but was ready and willing to go out in front; but to be the first one of the lot to volunteer, to say, "I'll go, for one," was a distinction no one coveted, and we stood looking from one to the other in a helpless, foolish way, not often seen among brave soldiers. Meanwhile the lieutenant was getting impatient and begging for volunteers, or he must needs detail, which he was unwilling to do. All the while the bullets kept singing past us, and the suspense was becoming painful, though probably less than half a minute had passed, when I said, (and very sheepish I felt, too,) "I'll go, for one." "I'll go, for another," instantly spoke up Dan Malone; "I'll go, for another," came the response from a dozen voices at once, and the lieutenant had to call a halt very soon, to keep enough of the company to throw up breastworks. We were ordered to get a little to the rear of the rifle pits and shelter ourselves the best we could behind trees or inequalities in the ground, but not to fire except a charge was attempted by the enemy, which order was pretty well obeyed; but next to me a few feet to my left, was Peter Lawler, an impetuous Irishman, who could never resist the temptation to shoot whenever he could see a head to shoot at. He commenced firing right away, and after a few minutes arose and run up toward the front, half bent, and disappeared. In about half an hour we were called in, but Peter failed to respond, and when some parties went out he was found, shot through the heart, and gave his last gasp as he was brought over the breastworks.

But the men at work on the fortifications were not left uninjured. Three men of Co. A were wounded with the same bullet, two members of Co. G were wounded with another one, and a number of others were hit, but I think none were seriously injured. Col. Case took right hold of the work, but soon found that his shoulder straps made him a target for sharpshooters, so he exchanged his coat for a private's blouse. Gen. Wagner, commanding the brigade at the time—had his headquarters in a log house near the left of the brigade, and a rebel shell crashed through just before he moved out and came down by a big tree at the left of our regiment. We remained in that place two days, under pretty hot fire, but did not get into an engagement, though several men were wounded and incapacitated for duty.—R. SPRINGER, Co. C, 129th Ill.

After Many Years.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—As showing the injustice to the old soldiers caused by the dilatoriness and fine-haired discrimination practiced under the regime of the present iron-clad rulings of the pension department, I wish to call attention to two cases which came under my own observation:

Some years ago a lady desired me to take up the cause of her boy. They had both drawn a pension up to her remarriage; but she had been abandoned by her husband, and an application had not been filed for the boy alone. I took up the case, and under the rulings of the pension department had to prove that the marriage of his parents was legal, by six affidavits. The department kept calling for that evidence, notwithstanding the fact that mother and child had drawn a pension for several years. The mother struggled after proof, to keep herself and child, and finally died before the claim was allowed. Meantime, I was every little while receiving letters from the department casting slurs at the witnesses, and insinuating that their statements were false, when the department records, made long before, should have been sufficient evidence.

Another time, in the spring of 1879, an old lady came to me, saying she had tried three different claim agents to get a pension on account of her son—who was discharged sick and died three months' later—but all had failed, because the department had called for testimony of the surgeon who had treated the son in the United States hospital. She could neither read nor write, and the department would not even give name of the surgeon. Her son had a photograph in his knapsack when he came home, marked Dr. Owen. I formed the idea that Dr. Owen was the surgeon, and after advertising for some two years I found him, and procured his evidence. I then had to send to five or six different counties where the woman had lived since her son's death, and get certificates from the county clerks, showing she owned no property. After years of delay on the part of the department, and suffering for the mother, the claim was allowed in August, 1880, when she was nearly 80 years of age. It should have been paid 20 years before. Is such delay justice? I think not.—H. L. T.

A Point or Two.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—A letter in the Camp Fire November 13 is so truly representative, that I can not refrain from remarking upon it. "Abraham," in all his letters, exhibits the spirit of his race as seen in all this "Sunny South." Note first—A deputy sheriff, in the discharge of his duty, is set upon by colored troops and killed. The murderers are arrested, imprisoned for a few months, dishonorably discharged and turned loose upon the community to repeat the offense, and this soldier seems to think Gen. Smith altogether too hard upon them. Again—A policeman in the discharge of his duty is resisted by the drunken soldiers, and it seems from his (Abraham's) account

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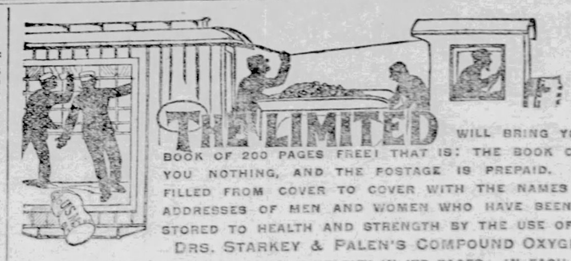

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that the entire colored population, even to the children, rallied to resist the enforcement of the law against drunkenness in the street; and this soldier charges the general with the crime of keeping them from their arms, so they could not prevail in their effort against law and order. The officers that enforce the law are called rioters by the writer. Yes, comrades, members of the 3d, 9th, 88th, 108th, and all the rest of the colored troops, gather about the Camp Fire and pile on your fuel. Let us hear your stories. And I hope the white comrades will note such points as I have made in "Abraham's" letter, and not forget that I live where the majority are of that lawless race.—HENRY KIRBY, Co. K, 93d Ills. Vol. Inft.

Drank the Milk.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I have seen nothing in the Camp Fire recently from members of the old 8th Ohio Cav. Comrades, I am sure you are not all dead yet, although I saw some of you badly hurt at Lynchburg, June 18, and at Liberty, Salem and other places I could mention; and also Beverly, W. Va., where I was taken prisoner on October 29, 1864. Now, boys, do you remember when we were going into camping to-day, Saturday, about June 5, 1864, that one afternoon we turned at the cross roads by a spring house? You perhaps recollect seeing a comrade of Co. C get off of his horse and go to the spring to get a drink. While getting the dr

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3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Thanksgiving Day.

B. H. K., Berryville, Ark.: An annual religious festival observed in the United States, and particularly in New England, suggested by the Hebrew feast of Tabernacles or feast of Ingathering at the end of the year. The occasional observance of a day of thanksgiving, formally recommended by the civil authorities, was not unusual in Europe, and such a day was observed in Leyden, Holland, October 3, 1575, the first anniversary of the deliverance of that city from siege. There is a record of the official appointment of days of thanksgiving in Massachusetts Bay in 1633, 1634, 1637, 1638 and 1639.

The earlier of these appointments were at different seasons of the year, and for special reasons, particularly the arrival of ships and new colonists, but the later were more generally for the harvest, and were in the late autumn or early winter. During the revolution Thanksgiving day was a national institution, being annually recommended by Congress, but after the general thanksgiving for peace in 1784 there was no national appointment until 1789, when President Washington, by request of Congress, recommended a day of thanksgiving for the adoption of the constitution. Washington issued a second thanksgiving proclamation in 1795, on account of the suppression of the insurrection.

President Madison, by request of Congress, recommended thanksgiving for peace in April, 1815. But the official recommendation of thanksgiving was namely confined to New England, where regular annual proclamations were issued by the governors of the states, and the day was observed most universally with religous services, and was the principal social and home festival of the year. New York, governor of New York regularly recommended thanksgiving, but it was not recommended until later in the Southern states. In 1855, Gov. Johnson, of Virginia, recommend a day of thanksgiving, but in Ohio Governor Chase twice refused to do so publicly declined because unauthorized to interfere in religious matters.

In 1858 proclamations of thanksgiving were issued by governors of eight of the southern states. During the civil war President Lincoln issued proclamations recommending special thanksgiving for victory in 1862 and 1863, a national proclamation of the annual thanksgiving day in 1863 and 1864. Since that time such a proclamation has been issued annually by the president as well as by the governors of the states and mayors of the principal cities, and custom has fixed the time for the last Thursday in November.

The Louisiana Purchase.

W. L. M., Cameron, W. Va., and C. L. W., Shamburg, Penna.: Before the year 1763, France owned what was known as the province of Louisiana, a vast region which comprised the valley of the Mississippi, the territory south of the thirty-first degree of north latitude and as far east as the Perdido river; and west of the Mississippi, the whole of the present Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington, that part of Minnesota west of the Mississippi, Wyoming and Colorado, east of the Rocky Mountains and north of the Arkansas river, and all but a small southwestern section of Kansas and the narrow northwestern strip of Indian territory.

In 1802 the western portion of the United States clamored for the annexation of this vast territory. Congress appropriated $2,000,000 for the purchase of New Orleans, and President Jefferson, in January, 1803, sent James Monroe as minister extraordinary, with discretionary powers to act with our minister to France, Robert R. Livingstone. In the purchase, Napoleon at this time found himself burdened with debt, threatened with an English war, and proposed to sell the whole province of Louisiana. A convention to that effect was speedily arranged and signed on April 30, 1803, by Livingstone and Monroe for the United States, and Barbe-Marbois for France.

The price agreed to be paid was $5,000,000, of which $3,750,000 were claims of our citizens against France, which the United States agreed to assume. The people of the United States, as a whole, rejoiced, though the Federalists claimed that the measure was unwarranted by the constitution, and even Jefferson thought that a constitutional amendment would be necessary. The purchase, however, was finally accepted without an amendment, and was generally acquiesced in. Portions of the line of this purchased territory were in dispute for a long time, but so far as Spain was concerned the differences of opinion were settled by the treaty of 1819, and that of Texas of 1846 with Great Britain settled the remainder.

Judge Walter Q. Gresham.

U. B., Ossian, Ind.: Judge Gresham was born in Louisville, Harrison county, Indiana, on May 17, 1832. He was educated in public schools, and spent one year in the State university, Bloomington, but was not graduated. He then then studied law at Corydon, Indiana, was admitted to the bar in 1853, and became a successful lawyer.

He was elected to the legislature in 1860, but resigned in August, 1861, to become lieutenant colonel of the 38th Indiana regiment. He was promoted colonel of the same regiment in December, and on August 11, 1863, was made brigadier general of volunteers. He commanded the fourth division of Blair's corps in the fighting before Atlanta, and received a severe wound which disabled him for a year and prevented him from seeing further service. On march 13, 1865, he was breveted major general of volunteers for the gallantry at Atlanta. After the war he resumed his practice at New Albany Indiana.

He was an unsuccessful Republican candidate for Congress in 1866 and 1868, was the financial agent of his state in New York. President Grant, who held him in great esteem, made him judge of the United States District court in the district of Indiana in 1869, in 1870 he was unsuccessful candidate for United States senator. He resigned his jungeship in April, 1872, to accept the position of postmaster general in President Grant's cabinet, and in 1884, after Postmaster Gen. Secretary Folger, was transferred to the Treasury portfolio.

In October of that year he was appointed United States Judge for the Seventh Judicial Circuit court, which office he still holds.

Judge Gresham was a strong supporter of Grant for a third term in the convention of 1880, but as a rule has not been conspicuous in politics. His name was presented as a Presidential candidate in the Republican national convention in Chicago in 1888, and he received about 80 votes on the first ballot including the solid support of the Illinois delegation.

Bimetalism.

G. S., Hunnyville, Ind.: Bi-metalism is the doctrine that the two metals, gold and silver, can and ought, at the same time in the same country, to be adopted as standards of value to bear to each other a fixed value established and recognized by the government. The term is almost exclusively used in reference to the metals, gold and silver. Monometalism is the doctrine that only one metal ought to be used. It is a proposition generally admitted by bi-metalists that attempts to realize their object must fail unless the most important commercial countries unite in fixing the ratio between the metals. If different countries adopt a double standard, selecting different ratios, the gold or the silver, as the case may be, of every country, will leave it to go to a country in which it happens to be rendered more valuable, and thus the two metals will be separated and the object fail.

If any one country alone adopt a double standard its gold or silver will be exported according as the market value of silver is lower or higher than the value fixed by the government ratio. Our government is mono-metallic, notwithstanding the fact that there is silver in circulation; silver is here coined only for the purposes of the government, and an individual presenting silver bullion at our mints and assay offices cannot have the same coined into dollars as he can with gold.

The coinage of bullion as instanced in the case of gold is called free coinage. Bi-metalists regard the use of both metals as necessary and claim that the co-operation of the principal commercial nations will suffice to establish it. Mono-metalists maintain that practical business has brought all nations to single standards, and that any change would be an uncalled for interference with natural laws, the untrammeled operation of which invariably conduces to the best results.

Election in Kansas.

Subscriber, Springfield, Ark.: The total vote for Congressman and that for governor might easily differ, as the local issues might have effect on the Congressional vote, either to lessen it or add to it, and state issues on the gubernatorial election. 2.—The great mass of the voters of the Farmers' Alliance in the North were Republicans, particularly in Kansas; in the South they were Democrats. We don't know what the former political faith of four successful Farmers' Alliance Congressional candidates in Kansas was. The following is the vote for Congressmen in Kansas in 1888:

FIRST DISTRICT.

Morrill, Rep.	20,770
Townshend, Dem.	14,536
Grover U. L.	1,253
Shumaker, Pro.	444

SECOND DISTRICT.

Funston, Rep.	24,632
Burns, Dem.	14,909
Walker, U. L.	5,517

THIRD DISTRICT.

Perkins, Rep.	23,315
Utley, Dem.	11,775
Eaton, U. L.	10,556
Harvey, Pro.	681

FOURTH DISTRICT.

Ryan, Rep.	20,638
Overmeyer, Dem.	14,329
Heaton, U. L.	4,350
Hebard, Pro.	1,072

FIFTH DISTRICT.

Anderson, Rep.	22,848
Tovy, Dem.	14,247
Leonardson, U. L.	1,115

SIXTH DISTRICT.

Turner, Rep.	23,428
McElroy, Dem.	12,289
Hart, U. L.	4,450
Stevens, Pro.	522

The Black Hole of Calcutta.

G. H. A., Lima, O.: The Black Hole was a small, close dungeon in Fort Williams, Calcutta, in which, on the capture of Calcutta by Surajah Dowlah, June 20, 1756, the British garrison, consisting of 146 men, under the command of Mr. Holwell, were locked up for the night. It was a strongly barred room, eighteen feet square. There were only two windows, both opening toward the west, whence, under the best of circumstances, but little air could enter, which was further obscructed by a projecting veranda outside and thick iron bars within.

At the same time conflagrations raging in different parts of the fort gave the atmosphere an unusual oppressiveness. In a short time, their sufferings from thirst and the foul and the stifling air became terrible, and in a few hours, several had died. Only 23 survived till morning, when they were released. Among these was Mr. Holwell, who published a narrative of the event in the "Annual Register" for 1758. The black hole is now used as a warehouse, and an obelisk 50 feet high, erected in memory of the victims, stands before the gate.

The Jackson Monument.

A correspondent sends us the following in reply to our request for the facts in regard to the effacer of the inscription from the Jackson monument at New Orleans:

"In your issue of November 13, in reply to an inquiry, you state your inability to recall the effaced inscription on a public monument. As nearly as I can get the facts, they are these:

"The statue is an equestrian one of Jackson—a fine iron casting of perfect outline, weighing, it is said, 60 tons. It stands upon a granite pedestal bearing the inscription, 'The Union must and shall be preserved.' This was ordered to be chiselled on the monument during Gen. Butler's occupancy of the city in 1862, and while being done the monument was protected by a strong howling mob by United States troops. Later in the day, they gained access to the inscription, and endeavored to efface the word 'preserved.' The depth of the chiselling and the prompt defense of the monument saved it from entire demolition."

Many thanks for the information.

Presidential Electors.

M. M. C., Nevada, Mo.: Article ii, section 1, clause 3, of the Constitution of the United States, provides that the electors shall meet in their respective states, and vote by ballot for two persons, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves, and they shall make a list of all the persons voted for and of the number of votes for each; which list they shall sign and certify and transmit, sealed, to the seat of government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted, etc.—St. Peter is said to have founded the Roman Catholic church; is claimed to have been the first pontiff.

William Shenstone.

M. C. G., Spiceland, Ind.: Wm. Shenstone was an English poet born at the Leasowes in Hales-owen, Shropshire, November 1714; died there February 11, 1763. He passed several years at Pembroke college, Oxford, but never took a degree. About 1745 he retired to his hereditary estate of the Leasowes, which it thenceforth became the business of his life to beautify. He wrote elegies, odes, ballads and miscellaneous pieces, but is best known by the School Mistress, a poem published in 1742. Shenstone published his works and letters and an edition of his poems with a memoir appeared at Edinburgh in 1754 and a new edition of his essays on men and manners, etc., at London, 1808.

Slaves in the Enumeration.

M. M. C., Nevada, Mo.: Article I, Section II, Clause 3, of the Constitution of the United States says: Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several states which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons. (These "other persons" were the slaves. The slave states were thus entitled to representation in Congress of three-fifths of their slave population, altered by the fourteenth amendment, section 2.)

Two Military Queries.

W. A. D., Dublin, Mo., asks: "1.—What was the pay of a soldier in the revolutionary war? 2.—What are the honors of war?"

1.—$8 per month. 2.—Your question is not plain. You probably mean, what is it "to be buried with the honors of war?" If that is your question, it means, that the funeral shall be conducted by the military, and a salute fired over the grave.

Pension Questions.

L. C., Red Creek, N. Y.: "My father drew a pension under the dependent bill. He has lately died. Can I, his daughter, put in a claim for care and trouble? Is that is due December 4? To whom shall I apply?"

You can get only what was due your father at date of his death. Apply to the "Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C."

M. T. P., Nortonville, Kansas.: "My mother was a widow when the civil war broke out, and her oldest son, then a well boy, enlisted in the service, but after serving a year or more, got homesick, deserted, came home and after being there a short time has this discharge, the charge of desertion being removed. Can she draw a pension?"

Yes.

J. B., Unadilla, Mich.: "1.—At what date in 1864 did President Lincoln issue the proclamation for deserters to return? What were its conditions, and how long time did it give? 2.—A soldier contracts rheumatism, and to ease his sufferings uses opiates until the habit is formed which shortens his life. Would the Pension department consider the case as that of direct result of duty from the disability contracted in the service?"

1.—In fall of 1862; it gave four months' time to return. 2.—Yes.

Timber Claims.

L. A. D., Hooper, Wash., asks: 1.—"Can a married woman take a timber claim, provided she can prove it is for her own benefit?" 2.—"Can a boy who supports his sister take up a claim, provided he will be 21 before his time expires?"

1.—Yes. 2.—Yes.

Reducing to the Ranks.

G. R., Clarence, Iowa, asks: "Can a captain of volunteers reduce a sergeant to the ranks, without a court martial or hearing of any kind?"

Yes, if he has what he deems sufficient cause.

Soldier's Land Claim.

Mrs. M. H., Pa., asks: "If a soldier never took up the 160 acres to which the government allows all soldiers, can his widow or only child take it up in his place?"

Yes.

Miscellaneous.

W. F. R., Pender, Neb.: We do not recall the poem you refer to.

G. T., Marysville, Kansas: We are unable to go into the state laws of Wisconsin.

E. M. C., Pittsford, Mich.: The largest aluminum manufactory is in Pittsburg, Pa.

C. A. F., Sheridan, Mich.: Your question has been referred to the Farmstead department.

T. N., Scota, N. C.: The largest mad-stone in existence is owned by Mrs. M. D. Brace, Macon, Ga.

S. A. B., Little Rock, Ark.: The real name of the authoress whose nom-de-plume is the Duchess, is Mrs. Hungerford.

J. N. P., Toledo, O.: The Phoenicians were the first people to make mention of the Atlantic Ocean in their writings.

J. W. L., Richland Centre, Wis.: Wyoming and Idaho became states by proclamation of the President several months ago.

C. D. S., Bloomingdale, O.: There are many large trusts in England, but it would be impossible to publish a description of them.

A. W. O., Crothersville, Ind.: Your question is answered in the bureau of the weekly of November 27, under the head of railroad facts.

M. T., Sage, Kansas: We do not know of any town in North Carolina ever known as Dahlonega. There is no such name in the postoffice directory.

S. E. D., New Athens, Penn.: 1.—Your question is answered in the Weekly of November 27.

2.—Your question is answered in another place in this Bureau.

Herbert, Toledo, O.: The third finger of the left hand is the finger on which it is customary to place engagement rings. A diamond solitaire is used as a general thing, although there is no regular design necessary for an engagement ring.

D. F. R., Vancouver, Wash.: The tin mines of the United States are situated principally in the Dakotas and in Virginia. The tin mines in Dakota are very valuable and are sufficient to supply our own country with all the necessary block tin.

N. B., Ossian, Ind.: England is a free trade country, and therefore, any article shipped to that country will be admitted free of duty. Other European countries differ in regard to the different articles of merchandise.

2.—The name Pasteur is pronounced *Pastur*.

L. A. B., Stillwell, Ohio: People and religious denominations disagree in regard to the question whether or not the body of Christ contains all the elements, living and human, visible and invisible. It is generally held by orthodox churches, however, that it does contain them.

A. H. G., McDonald, Kan.: 1.—THE BLADE never favored a political Prohibition party. We believe in prohibition: that the question is a moral one, and that there is more hope of its success with the good men of all parties working for it than to have it complicated with the success of a separate party. 2.—A copy of the McKinley bill see notice on 4th page of this paper.

P. M. S., Manorville, Mo.: 1.—Allen G. Thurman is called the "Old Roman" because of his sterling virtue and honesty, which qualities were supposed to be the attributes of the old Romans during the earlier periods of Roman history. 2.—William E. Gladstone is called the "Grand Old Man" because of his great character and brilliant qualities.

J. H. H., Veno City, Ok.: The only Congressmen elected this fall who will sit in the coming session of the Fifty-first Congress are those elected to that Congress from the new states of Idaho and Wyoming, and a Congressman elected in place of Clifton R. Breckenridge, unseated at the session of Congress lately finished. Mr. Breckenridge was elected to the seat from which he was unseated. The other Congressmen elected will not take their seats until the first Monday in December, 1891, unless a special session is called by the President.

—The right way to cure catarrh is to eradicate the poisonous taint which causes the disease, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Thread Worms in Mare with Foal.

F. L., Kansas: An excellent injection for thread worms is, 2 ozs. of the solution of perchloride of iron in 1 qt. of lime water, freshly made. The rectum should first be cleaned out with an ordinary soap and water injection. You are advised to give no worm medicine or injection if the mare has been with foal for any length of time. Wait until she has foaled, if possible. Give her a lump of rock-salt to lick at, as much as she pleases. Keep the bowels open—not to laxative—with bran mashes. This may have the desired effect, without resorting to the annoyance of injection, to which frration the mare should not be subjected, if possible, in her present condition.

Cold Storage to Keep Eggs, Etc.

C. H. F., Michigan: A simple cold storage room may be made by building a house with two rooms, the lower one to be used for storage. The floor between the upper and lower rooms should be of corrugated iron. Build any size you may wish, the upper floor to be used in which to pack the ice, with small drains to carry off the water. This will keep the storage room dry. The ice in the upper room is to be packed in the ordinary way. The eggs in the lower room may be put on small racks in oat chaff, or in any way you may desire. The temperature of the room will be sufficiently cold. The only thing to guard against is the escape of water from the ice to the cold storage room. If the storage room be damp from escaping water, there is danger of things packed in it being damaged.

Blind Staggers in Horses.

M. A. B., Arkansas: The cause of blind staggers was explained recently in the BLADE Farmstead; namely, exposure to the sun, tight collar, blows on the head, poisoning of various kinds, tumors on the brain, etc. The brain becomes congested, or, there is an excess of blood in the blood vessels of the brain or its envelopes. The animal is first dull and listless, and staggers about, the eyes become bloodshot, the ears and feet become hot, then cold, and as the disease advances convulsions set in, the animal becomes blind, and unless prompt measures are taken the animal dies.

Seed of Virginia Cedar.

M. M. M., West Virginia: Write to J. M. Rusk, secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. He will have the information you desire sent you.

Mare Lame in Shoulder.

J. C. M., Fayette county, Pa.: A horse lame in the shoulder drags the leg forward, not being able to advance it readily. In motion, he attempts to swing the leg forward, and swings it outward. There may or not be waste of the shoulder. The elbow is a rare seat of disease, and so are the knees and the other joints of the horse. It is best to exercise the best of judgment, as it is sometimes very difficult to certainly locate the seat of lameness. First, examine for corns, next feel if the back tendons have unnatural heat, or if the horse flinches when the tendons are pressed with the hand. Rheumatism manifests itself in the shoulder, and may be detected by careful study of the peculiar action of the horse as referred to above. If the lameness is in the shoulder, take of tincture of arnica ½ oz., water 1 pint. Bath the shoulder frequently until the inflammation is gone; then take of iodine ½ oz., glycerine 2 ozs., mercurial ointment 2 ozs., olive oil 6 ozs.; rub this in on the shoulder once a day, in the morning, washing off with warm water and soap at night, and after drying well, re-apply.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rules for Apple Orchards.

For successful orcharding, there are many requisites to be observed which are given in condensed articles, and which on account of their length the inexperienced are apt to overlook. They may therefore be more useful if condensed into the following thirty-eight brief rules:

SELECTION OF GROUND.

1. Select good soil, such as will raise good farm crops.

2. Make it mellow at once, or with previous mellowing crops.

3. Hillsides or rocky places are admissible only in case plenty of barn manure can be had for annual top-dressing.

4. See that the land has good natural or artificial drainage.

CHOICE OF TREES.

5. Choose young and vigorous trees, not over two years old from the graft.

6. See that ample roots are secured in digging—enough to stiffen the trees without staking, and grow ready growth.

7. Avoid large, overgrown or stunted trees which have short roots mutilated by digging.

8. Remember that a good supply of roots is more important than straight stems or handsome heads.

9. Procure well proved standard varieties, and not new lauded sorts.

SETTING OUT.

10. If trees from a distance are partly dry when received, bury them for a week, top and all, in finely pulverized moist soil, to restore them.

11. Before setting out, dig holes broad enough to receive all the roots without bending.

12. Use no manure, except on the surface, after setting or in the remote parts of large holes.

13. In setting out, spread the roots out equally on all sides at their full length, and fill in compactly fine mellow earth.

14. After set, shorten back the long shoots and thin out where too thick, giving a neat, even, moderate head.

15. Always shorten back before the buds swell, and never when partly or wholly in leaf.

16. Keep the ground for several feet around the newly set trees clean and mellow all summer.

AFTER CARE.

17. Keep the ground cultivated over the whole surface for six or eight years after transplanting; after which allow grass to grow only in case a good annual or biennial top-dressing of manure can be given.

18. As the roots of growing trees are as long as their height, avoid the mistake of spading or manuring narrow circles around the foot of the stem, but cultivate the whole surface.

19. Preserve a smooth, clear stem by promptly removing all suckers.

20. Clover and sowed grain should never be allowed in young orchards; grass, if kept short, and annually top-dressed with manure, is admissible; hoed crops, as corn and potatoes, do well; and clear culture is best.

PRUNING AND GRAFTING.

21. In well managed orchards, much pruning is unnecessary, and when performed, do but little in one year; thin the outside of the head and not the center, and paint all wounds.

22. Undesirable fruits or those proved unfitted to the climate, may be changed to good ones by grafting; several grafts spread over the heads will soon form bearing trees. For large trees, divide the grafting through two or three seasons.

SELECTION OF VARIETIES.

23. For home use set out good varieties enough to keep up a constant succession from the mid-summer kinds through autumn and winter, and of long keepers to last through spring till the ripening of strawberries.

24. For market, choose such as bear heavy crops of salable apples, and plant orchards only in such places as they succeed well in, and find a ready sale at the most profitable times of the year.

SCATTERED RULES.

25. If trees are received when frozen, they will be killed if thawed in air; but if compactly buried in mellow soil before thawing, they will not be injured.

26. Mice are excluded in winter by a smooth, compact conical mound of soil around the stem of each tree, to be leveled again in spring.

27. Old trees may be pushed into new life and bearing by top-dressing well a circle of two rods diameter about them, and pruning out dead shoots.

28. As soon as a young orchard is set out, register the varieties in an account book, otherwise the labels being lost before bearing, loss and confusion of names will result.

29. Tools for cultivating orchards without tearing up roots are the Acme, smoothing harrow, Shares' and disc harrow.

30. Destroy codling moths by spraying with Paris green and London purple, and punch borers in their holes with flexible wire.

CAUSES OF FAILURE.

31. Farmers who allow cattle to break into young orchards should remember that fences are as important as manure.

32. Planting in thin soil, setting trees hurriedly, and allowing weeds and grass possession of a hard and crusted earth, will not accumulate silver and gold.

33. Planting large nursery trees, carelessly dug with short and mutilated roots, will prove unprofitable.

34. Shortening back the heads of newly-transplanted trees after the opening of the leaves, instead of before the swelling of the buds, checks the growth and seriously injures them.

35. Allowing weeds and grass to grow in young orchards, invites mice and stunts the trees.

36. Permitting suckers to grow around the trunks, and thus making a wasteful brush-heap, spoils the trees.

37. Setting young orchards in meadows and grain fields often destroys them.

38. Pruning too much at a time, instead of a light pruning in successive years if needed, injures the vigor of trees.—[Country Gentleman.

Saving Cabbage for Winter.

A great many people are fond of kraut but do not understand how to put it up so their full of fare in winter is deprived of this most healthful dish. One says, I have a fine lot of winter cabbage, but have no suitable cask for putting kraut in, and, worse than all, no cutting-knife. An empty molasses barrel will do nicely; remove one head, replace the hoops, stop all holes, scald and clean. There is, or should be, a spade on every farm, which will answer a cutting-knife; sharpen with a file and wash off clean. Now the "tools" are all ready. Always select a time just after a rain for putting up kraut, the rain takes out the sunburn and frost. Have the heads brought to the table or scaffold, look them over carefully, wash (if necessary) and drain and drop into the barrel.

Set John to work with the spade cutting them up fine. When you have put in the amount you would cook for dinner, sprinkle salt over it as for the table; put in more cabbage and more salt, cutting up thoroughly with the spade, taking care the spade does not cut the side or bottom of the barrel. Continue till you have used all the cabbage; be sure you add more than a gill of salt to a bushel of cabbage. When all is thoroughly cut up and mixed, lay over the cabbage several thicknesses of clean, whole cabbage leaves; then lay on top of them a barrel head or boards nailed together and shaped to fit the inside of the barrel, with a large stone on this to weight it down. Don't put in any water. The water will rise over the cabbage by the third day. We keep our barrel out under a shed. The kraut will be ready for use in a few weeks. Put fresh leaves over it occasionally.

After using of it awhile there may not be enough water to cover it; add some water, say a quart, in which you have put a little salt. To prepare for the table, squeeze from the water, put it in a vessel over the fire and add enough fried meat dripping to season well with black pepper to taste, but no salt. Cook twenty or thirty minutes. Or, if preferred, boil in water with a piece of fat pork for seasoning. Cook two and one-half hours. Any one can eat as much as they like of kraut and it will not distress the stomach as cabbage is apt to do.

TO KEEP COLLARDS FOR WINTER USE.

To those who do not wish to make kraut, I will give my plan for keeping them during the winter. Run five or six short furrows with a plow, or what is better, dig them as needed with a hoe. Select a place by the pailings on the north side of the garden, not more than eight feet square. Lay two rails on the ground at the end of the furrows and one across at the first furrow. Pull the collards dug up with the roots set against the rail as closely as possible in the furrow, cover the roots and part of the stalks with dirt, put a rail across close to them and set the next furrow the same way, putting a row between each row of collards, it keeps them from falling over on the ground and being smothered. Should you want some of them to form firm white heads, pull up the whole plant and set them in the center in the shape of a head and pin with little sticks. You will be surprised and delighted with white-head cabbage for Christmas. Build a pen around the collards three or four rails high, put up forks with poles across, slope to the north; put on cross pieces and cover thickly with pine tops; have the shelter very little higher than the pen, bank up the dirt against the bottom rails and drain all water away from the pen.—[Home and Farm.

Cause of Failure of Apple and Pear in Western New York.

Early last spring the promise of a large crop of apples and pears was encouraging—seldom do we have such great promise. But later the fruit—immature fruit—fell. What was the cause? Many supposed the heavy rains affected the pollen, as it has been observed that heavy and prolonged rains have proved destructive. Others held that electric storms (whatever they may mean) caused the loss. Every fruit grower had his own opinion, and the less he knew the more positive he was that he was right.

Naturally, we looked to the experiment stations for light, and first of all comes Prof. L. H. Bailey, of the Cornell station, with the opinion based on apparent sound foundation, that the loss was due to the apple-scab fungus, which blighted the young fruit and caused it to fail. This is the same fungus that causes scab on the full grown apple, and on the leaf. It never before caused so great loss, as the conditions are seldom so favorable as last spring. The damage may be repeated in future years, but may be prevented by spraying the trees before and after blossoming with a solution of carbonate of copper, made as follows: Dissolve 1 oz. of carbonate of copper in 1 quart of aqua ammonia; dilute with 100 quarts of water, when ready to apply.

The quince leaf-blight, also mildew and rot in grapes, etc., is readily destroyed upon quince and pear trees by four or five applications of Bordeaux mixture. There is every reason to believe that the remedy is practicable upon full grown quince trees as well. The only experiments yet reported upon orchard trees, so far as I know, were made by Professor Weed, in Ohio (Bull. 14; Ohio Exp. Sta.), who found that the treatment was effective. The following is a good formula for Bordeaux mixture. Dissolve 6 pounds sulphate of copper in 16 gallons of water. In another vessel shake four pounds fresh lime in six gallons of water. When the latter cools, pour it slowly into the copper solution, mixing the two thoroughly. It is best to prepare the mixture a day or two before mixing.

In some instances the raspberry crop was only a partial crop, owing to the berries drying up just before ripening, caused by anthroconose or cane rust. This is not the yellow cane rust, but a less perceptible disease, causing the cane to look scabby. It also affects the leaves. Good culture is a partial remedy. The spray of Bordeaux mixture as above is supposed to be a preventative and cure. —[Green's Fruit Grower.

The Sunday School.

Jesus's Parting Words.

LESSON XII., SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1890.

Golden Text: If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself.—John 14:3

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 24:44-53.)

44. And he said unto them, These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me.

45. Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures,

46. And said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day:

47. And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.

48. And ye are witnesses of these things.

49. And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you; but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.

50. And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands and blessed them.

51. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.

52. And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy:

53. And were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God. Amen.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

All things must needs be fulfilled, which are written concerning me (v. 44). No prophecy about Jesus shall fail of exact fulfillment. All the things written concerning him either have come to pass, or shall come to pass. Those of them which are yet unfulled are not forgotten of God: they ought not to be forgotten of the disciples of Jesus. Their fulfilment will not be left to any one prophetic conference over them, nor hindered by any sneers at such a gathering. The ages move on according to God's plan. At the set time, in spite of over zeal or of learned contempt, the next page of prophecy will be open to all the world. "Yet a very little while, he that cometh shall come, and shall not tarry." The command, meantime, to the followers of Jesus, is, "Watch, therefore; for ye know not on what day your Lord cometh." The promise is, "Blessed is he that watcheth."

Then opened he their mind that they might understand the scriptures (v. 45). The richest truths of God's Word are understood only by those whom God enlightens. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. Spiritual discernment is a gift of God. If Jesus were here in the flesh, and we could question him freely, and listen to his loving words, we might know more about the things of God than we can learn from the commentaries, the cyclopedias, or the lesson papers. But even in his absence we can as well be taught as if he were here—better taught; for he said it would be better for him to go away, that the Holy Spirit might come to teach all things to his followers. The first help to the understanding of a Bible lesson is the help of the Holy Spirit. That help ought to be sought before the lesson is read. It ought to be counted of supreme importance in every step of Bible study or of Bible teaching. He who opened the mind of his disciples, that they might understand the Scriptures, as they walked toward Emmaus, has sent the Holy Spirit to take of the things concerning himself and show them unto us; "which things also we [may] speak, not in words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Spirit teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual."

Repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name (v. 47). It is quite as much a duty for all sinners to repentance as it is to offer them salvation. If a man still loves his sins, he does not want to get rid of them. If he has no desire for their remission, they will not be remitted. First repentance; then forgiveness. First a recognition of one's lost condition; then an acceptance of freely offered salvation. The preacher or the teacher who has nothing to say about sin has nothing worth hearing about salvation. If your hearer is not a sinner, he will not be saved. If you want him to seek salvation, show him that he needs it. When he repents of his sins, he may look to Jesus for remission of his sins—not before.

Ye are witnesses of these things (v. 48). A good witness testifies from his own knowledge; tells what he has seen or experienced. As soon as he goes beyond this he ceases to be a witness. What Jesus wants of his disciples, in their preaching to the world, is good witnessing. Their testimony will count for something. Their arguments, their reasoning, their discussions, go for very little. They must know him; know that he is their Redeemer; know that he sustains them in all their trials and supplies them in all their needs, before they can convince others of the truth of these things. What do you personally know about Jesus? What is your personal experience of his love, and of his satisfying presence? "Ye are witnesses of these things."

Tarry ye until ye be clothed with power from on high (v. 49). No man is ready to do God's work until God has fitted him for it. The only power which will enable him to use his other powers is the "power from on high." If a man has not that power, he ought to ask for it; ask for it with the feeling that it is all-essential to his success; ask for it with confidence that God will not withhold it. Looking upward for power is the best way of beginning preparation for any department of God's work. No time is lost which is passed in tarrying at the mercy-seat for a supply of strength and wisdom for the next step in God's service. "Prayer and provender hinder no man," It is well to wait on God for the blessing which he promises to those who feel their need of his inspiration, and who ask for it in faith.

While he blessed them, he parted from them (v. 51.) Blessing and trials go together in this life, and many a blessing finds its power in the trial which accompanies it. A parent's words have fresh hold on a child, as the son or daughter goes out from the old homestead. The parting injunction of a friend from whom one is far separated has irresistible force through that separation. It is after death that many a man's, or a woman's, best work is done for the loved ones. If it were not for the darkness of the night, the stars would not be seen. Jesus does not intend that his followers shall be without those trials which will give them the fullest benefit of his benedictions and promises. While he blesses them, he seems to part from them. It is expedient for them that he go away. But while he is away, he does not forget them; and he will come to them again. In the absence of Jesus, let us be faithful in the work to which he has set us; and as we work, let us watch for his return.—[H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.

SLOT-MACHINE HOT WATER.

Drop a Cent at Paris and a Faucet Gushes Forth.

In Paris they now have stands in the streets, a faucet projects from the structure and under it is a place to set a pail. Near the faucet is a slot large enough to admit a copper five-centime piece, and beside the slot is a button. To use the apparatus, a pail is set in the appropriate place, a five-centime piece, equivalent in size and value to the old-fashioned copper cent, is dropped into the slot and the button is pushed, whereupon a jet of streaming hot water issues from the faucet and runs until nine quarts have been delivered when it stops.

It may be imagined that in a district thickly settled with poor people the cost of hot water so obtained is much less than it would be if a fire were kept in the cooking-stove to heat it, and the housekeepers who would otherwise have to do their washing with cold water must bless the inventor.

The apparatus has, however, another use. It is the custom in Paris for hackmen to keep "bouillottes," or cans of hot water, in their carriages in cold weather to warm the feet of their patrons, and it is often troublesome and expensive for them to get the water renewed as it cools. By means of the new kiosks, the bouillottes may be replenished with the smallest trouble and expense, to the great benefit of the drivers.

The interior of the kiosk is partly occupied by a coil of pipe, within which is a gasburner for heating water rapidly. The coil communicates with the city water supply, so that the water drawn through is always fresh. The gas is not wasted by being kept burning all the time, but is lighted by the pressing of the button, which also opens the faucet, and the automatic closing of the faucet, and turning off the gas, after the pailful of water has been delivered, are effected by simple devices.

The people of the United States, consume, it is said, 200,000,000 bottles of pickles annually.

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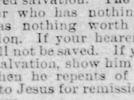

WANTED. LOVERIN, BROWNE & CO., Jobbers, Chicago, Ill., establishing agencies; want agents in every town, to deal in Families, fine Teas, Teaplets, Extracts, Spices, &c., by sample. Strictly pure goods retailed for delivery in customers as ordered, at wholesale prices. Large profits. Steady work. Money to be paid for after delivery. We are headquarters for Tea Agents, Novelty. Special work offer. Exclusive territory.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1890.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

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WE WANT AGENTS!

THE BLADE pays the largest commissions to agents, and offers the largest inducements for clubs, of any paper in the United States, or in the world, for that matter. Any one wanting to make money should investigate our offers. *Everybody* should write for terms to agents at once! Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

FINANCE AND MARKETS.

With to-day's issue, and hereafter, the editorial article discussing "The Financial Situation," which has heretofore appeared on this page, will be found on the seventh, grouped with the markets, and other matter pertaining to commerce. Every subscriber should make it a point to read it regularly, to keep informed of the trend of matters in the commercial world.

Edgar Faweett,

The Author of a New Serial to Begin in the Blade of Dec. 25.

We shall begin, in the Weekly BLADE of December 25, a serial of strong dramatic interest, by EDGAR FAWCETT, author of an "Ambitious Woman," "The Confessions of Claude," and other stories which have achieved wide popularity. Its title is:

"A TALE OF TWO BROTHERS."

This serial will run about ten weeks, and will be **attractively illustrated**. The motive of the story is a singular one, and its development is novel and unhackneyed. The story will be read with interest by all, for it is in a different vein from those recently published in these columns, and thus affords that variety of matter which we seek to provide for the tastes of our readers.

EDGAR FAWCETT is a star among the rising generation of American authors, and we are glad to have this opportunity of introducing him to its vast constituency—and glad also that this will be through so good and readable a story as "A Tale of Two Brothers."

"THE DEMAGOGUE."

Speaking of "The Demagogue," the political novel by the late D. R. LOCKE, just issued in book form by Lee & Shepard, the Boston *Home Journal* says:

The late David Ross Locke, whose inimitable writings under the *nom de plume* of Petroleum V. Nasby were a power for good during the years of the rebellion and reconstruction, and made that name familiar in every household throughout the length and breadth of the country,—for foe as well as friend could not resist their peculiar attractiveness,—left in manuscript at the time of his death a political novel, that has just been published under the title of "The Demagogue." The warmest admirers of Mr. Locke's "Nasby" writings will meet with a surprise in this novel, so entirely different in its style, so natural, realistic, and intensely earnest, yet simple in narrative, so powerful in its many dramatic situations. While as a story it is of very high merit and of absorbing interest, it presents some of the "ways that are dark" in American political life with a vividness and truthfulness that will—when there willingly or unwillingly—compel general interest. The moral of the story, while entirely unobtrusive, is nevertheless one that will tend to the best of influence, especially upon young men who are just entering into active life with an ambition for a political career. It will make them to realize, as no mere "preachment" could do, that "smartness" and the ability for successful manipulation in leadership are not the elements of character that give permanent honor and confidence. Every man who has taken an active interest in political affairs—no matter in what portion of our great country—can see mirrored in the character of Caleb Mason, the demagogue, some one or more political aspirants whom they have known, and whose only object was to make everything subserve their own selfish ends. The character of Caleb Mason is drawn with wonderful power; it is a study that marks its delineator as a genius and as a close student of the politics of his time—which is but a transcript of the politics of all times since the United States had an organized existence. And with no less skill is all the character drawing given, both male and female. Mr. Locke was no pessimist, but he was a keen and intelligent observer of life as it is, and an unsparing denouncer of sham and demagoguism. His posthumous novel will exert a wide influence for good at this time, when there seems to be an awakening for the domination of better political ethics, as did his "Nasby" letters in the trying days of reconstruction; and yet its lessons are as unobtrusive as are any that were ever illustrated by Dickens.

HOW THEY LIKE THE CHINA SET.

Here are a few of the letters we are receiving from those who have already obtained premium china sets under our offer, given elsewhere:

MILAN, Mo., Dec. 6.—I received the china tea set No. 2 in good condition. It is all it is represented to be, and I am well pleased with it. Not a piece was broken. Freight was $1.10. Success to THE BLADE.—MRS. A. D. MORRISON.

WHEELERSBURG, O., Dec. 5.—I received my dishes, and am very much pleased with them. They are much nicer than expected.—MRS. SARAH LINDSEY.

WELLSVILLE, O., Dec. 4.—I received the No. 1 tea set a few days ago. I am well pleased with the dishes. The freight on them was only 30 cents.—MATTIE WILLIAMSON.

NEW LONDON, Minn., Nov. 27.—My No. 1 tea set, as premium for eleven subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, is just received in splendid condition. Am highly pleased with them. They certainly are all you claim for them. Would not take $10 for them.—FLORENCE BURHART.

PALMER, ILL., Dec. 1.—Blade China set No. 1, received in good order some time ago. We are well pleased with it, and consider it just as you represent it.—E. S. LITTLE.

OUR BOOKS.

We have cleared our shelves of all the books we formerly handled, except two, viz:

"Health and Beauty," and
"Social Etiquette,"

both by Miss EMILY S. BOUTON. We have only about 200 copies of each of these, which is hardly enough for the holiday trade.

Both books are beautifully bound, and make admirable Christmas presents. We will send a copy of either by mail, postpaid, for *one dollar*. Please send in your orders at once, for if you delay they will all be gone; and we shall not print another edition of either this year. Address all orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE new silver bill so far had added about $28,000,000 to the circulation since August 1, and the purchase of bonds has added some $75,000,000 more. Here is over a hundred millions increase in that time, or about 7 per cent. Yet money is "scarcer" in the financial world than it was then—which goes to show that it is credit which is scarcer, rather than money.

"THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC."

The last issue of the New York *Wine and Spirit Gazette*, which is described in its sub-title as "The official organ of the Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association," contains the following editorial paragraph, under the caption, "THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC:"

The aim of Prohibition, if we understand it right, is the annihilation of the liquor traffic. In the views of rational men possessed of ordinary common sense the traffic in liquor can be stopped only by stopping the demand for it. Alcohol, like other articles of commerce, is governed by the law of demand and supply. Those who want to close permanently the saloon must first remove the cause which brought it into existence, and which still feeds and supports it—the drinking usages of society.

If they would stop men from drinking, and prevent the rising generation from forming an appetite for strong drink, drunkenness must be made odious. This cannot be done by laying the guilt of the drunkard upon the liquor vender. But it can be done by punishing and declaring ineligible to any office of trust or honor, for one year, the man who shall drink to intoxication. The drunkard is the worst enemy of the liquor traffic.

The above, from one of the official organs of the Rum Power in the largest city in the Union, is worthy of attention. It is a shrewd attempt to influence public opinion by stating a half-truth and assuming it to be the whole truth. We shall endeavor to make this clear to the reader.

The ground is taken that the traffic in Rum "can be stopped only by stopping the demand for it." The assumption here is, that the saloon simply supplies this existing demand. This is half-truth. The whole truth is that the saloon supplies a demand that, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, it created, and which would never had existed had it not been for the saloon itself.

To put the *Gazette's* contention into other words, it declares that the way to destroy the Rum traffic is by making all drinking men sober. But all men are sober originally, and (excepting those suffering under the influence of heredity) nearly all who become drinkers are made so by the saloon itself. The way, then, to prevent the rise of the next generation of drunkards is to abolish the saloon at once.

Among the many evils that result from the rum traffic, the greatest is its constant drawing of the young into the toils of the drink habit. The plea that the saloon caters only to the demand for Rum as a beverage, is to be met by the undoubted fact that this demand would not have existed but for the saloon itself, and that it deserves instant and complete suppression because of its power as a drunkard-maker.

As for the position taken in the second paragraph, that if we would "prevent the rising generation from forming an appetite for strong drink, drunkenness must be made odious," the *Gazette* apparently judges of the whole nation by its limited field of observation in the slums of New York city. Drunkenness is now odious to a majority of the people of the country, and this odium is increasing. Men who are the slaves of the Rum habit are without social standing in any Christian community in the United States. They are excluded from many occupations. Many of the largest railways will not employ, in any responsible position, men who drink. Many of the largest commercial and manufacturing firms will not employ them. The tendency in this direction is growing.

But youth is rash and ignorant; and with the power of example, of bad associates the persistent temptation thrown in the way of young men by the myriad saloons, whose open doors are a persistent invitation, the steadily-increasing tide of public condemnation against those who allow themselves to become devotees at the shrine of Bacchus is not strong enough to deter the heedless and headstrong among young men from indulgence. And this once begun, the habit insensibly grows, until it masters the will and binds the hapless one in fetters too strong to be broken. Because of the constant temptation it sets before the young, the saloon is deserving of destruction.

As regards the drinking usages of society, almost a revolution has been wrought within a generation on this point. Popular sentiment is still steadily moving against the use of liquors in any form at any social function. THE BLADE has always insisted that the campaign against Rum must move in parallel lines of action—one against the saloon by legal enactment, the other in favor of personal abstinence. The duty of awakening the young to a realization of the dangers of indulgence in drink, of creating a strong social sentiment against the Rum habit, is as important as that of working for the legal Prohibition of the Rum traffic.

"The drunkard is the worst enemy of the liquor traffic," says the *Gazette*. Yet there is not one drunkard in a hundred to-day who would be such had the saloon not been in existence. So long as the saloon exists, drunkards will continue, with the pauperism and vice, and often crime, which are its inseparable concomitants. The thing most needed to do is to stop the recruiting for the grand army of drunkards, and this is impossible while the saloon is permitted. There is but one effective remedy, and that is Prohibition, which will crush out the saloon, annihilate the rum traffic and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

GOVERNOR TILLMAN, of South Carolina, used the following significant words in his inaugural address the other day: "When it is clearly shown that a majority of our colored voters are no longer imbued with Republican ideas, the vexed negro problem will be solved." This is a frank admission of the belief among Northern men, that what the Southern Democracy really objects to in the negro is not his ignorance, for the white Democrats have plenty of that themselves, or the color of his skin, but his uncompromising Republicanism. If he voted the Democratic ticket, there would be no gabble in the South about his "unfitness" for citizenship.

ENOUGH returns have been received from the various congregations of the Methodist Episcopal church to show that the vote of the membership on the question, "Shall women be admitted into the general conference as lay delegates?" is affirmative by a good majority. The question has to be decided finally, however, by the next general conference itself; but in view of the expressed will of the laity, there is not much doubt but that body will open its doors to women.

THERE is much solid wisdom in the following sentence from a recent article by Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON: "There are two things needed in these days—first, for rich men to find out how poor men live; and second, for poor men to know how rich men work."

IT required a change of less than one per cent of the vote for Representatives to put Republicans in the places of two-thirds of the Democrats elected to the next House.

THERE were 2,025 more removals of postmasters during the year ended June 30, 1890, under CLEVELAND, than during the corresponding year—ended June 30, 1890—under HARRISON.

Our China Sets.

The Blade's Offer Being Taken Up By Hundreds.

THE BLADE'S china set premium offer is being largely accepted. There is no more appropriate present for Christmas than one of these sets. We urge every person who desires one for this purpose to get in his order early. We send in our orders to the manufacturers once a week. It requires from a week to ten days, after they receive the order, for the articles to reach the purchaser, as they are sent by freight, which is slow.

Hence, those wanting a set for a holiday present will please get their orders to us not later than December 10.

Take particular notice of this fact: While, under each offer, a price is made at which we will sell this set (including the Weekly BLADE one year) so low that everybody can afford to buy it; if you will read further you will find terms upon which we will give away these sets—which you will find are even more liberal than the offer to sell; this is because we wish to secure additional clubs for the Weekly BLADE.

Of course, we shall gladly fill all orders for sets in connection with one copy of the Weekly BLADE, because we know there are many who have not time nor inclination to get up a club; but there are others who are so situated as to be able to raise clubs, and we make the most liberal offer possible to them, as clubs are what we want.

The best way is, to enter on the work of getting up a club at once to secure the $20 BLADE dinner set. Almost any one can raise a club of 20 subscribers in a single day; but if you should fall short, you can certainly raise 11, and thus get the 80-piece tea set. Then, after resting a few weeks, you can make another effort and obtain 10 more, for which we will give you the No. 4 set—which, added to the tea set, makes the complete dinner set.

Get at the work at once, for two reasons: first, so as to be before any one else in your neighborhood; second, if you raise one club now, you will get that out of the way, so that later you can raise another, to obtain an additional premium in this line, or on some offer we may make later.

We have a special word to say to the 1,000 and more who obtained the tea set last year, in reply to many inquiries: The No. 4 Blade set is just what you want. It has been made up specially so as to be added to the 80-piece set and make a complete dinner set. So go to work at once to secure the No. 4.

It is a proved fact that the 80-piece tea set, which we offer for $7 with the Weekly BLADE one year, or which we *give* for 11 subscribers and $11, can not be bought at retail at the stores for less than $15 or $16; and the same holds true as to the other offers.

Read the advertisement on the 5th page. It is really a remarkable offer. If the sets cost us nothing, we should make but a narrow margin of profit. Offered as they are with THE BLADE, we make no profit at all—merely wishing to extend our circulation, and help our friends and subscribers to a first-class article.

Renewals will count the same as new subscribers in getting up clubs for this premium.

Don't wait! Begin work *at once!*

WHAT GOULD WILL DO.

JAY GOULD has now become practically the directing head of the American railway situation. He has the matter of transportation by rail in this country under his thumb.

The New York *Journal of Finance*, in a double-leaded editorial, thus discusses the new order of things:

Concentration has come. Intelligent management is hereafter to obtain. Competition is no longer to be in the hands of reckless people, aiming only at stock-market profits.

In short, a complete change has been brought about. Peace and harmony and profits are hereafter to prevail. Cutthroat policies are to be no longer tolerated.

It matters not whether people like or dislike Jay Gould, he, more than any other man, is responsible for the new conditions.

He doesn't mask his plan or purpose. He unhesitatingly declares his plans. He is in favor, he says, of running railroads for the benefit of the owners of those railroads; and he is going to see to it, he promises, that the policy he favors is the policy that shall prevail.

The realization of Mr. Gould's ambition in this regard will give to his career the finishing touches of a greater accomplishment than any other financier has ever dreamed of.

This brings the vexed question of railway rates to the front again. Mr. GOULD takes the position, according to the above quotation, that the railroads of the country are to be run to make money for their owners; that cut-throat competition in rates is to become a thing of the past.

But all over the West the farming community is declaring that the exactions of the railroads, in the way of high freight rates on grain and live stock, prevent their making any profit on their farms. If GOULD proposes to raise these rates still higher, the antagonism will become stronger than ever.

To state the case more clearly, let us put it in this way: GOULD says the railroads are not making any money for their owners at present rates, and hence the latter must go higher. The farmers say the rates are already so high that they can make no money.

The situation is interesting.

OUR PER CAPITA CIRCULATION.

There is one point in the secretary of the Treasury's annual report which is well worth consideration. It is the increase in the amount of money in circulation within the past twenty years. This increase is graphically shown in the following table:

	Oct. 1, 1870.	Oct. 1, 1890.
Gold coin	$ 78,935,805	$ 888,930,723
Silver dollars	.....	62,132,454
Subsidiary silver and frac. curr'ncy.	38,088,995	56,811,846
Gold certificates	28,511,000	158,104,739
Silver certificates	.....	300,021,207
Treasury notes	.....	7,100,500
U. S. notes	339,480,221	340,000,726
Nat'l. bank notes	294,337,479	177,350,514
Totals	$770,512,000	$1,408,042,709

The increase shown by these figures is $727,766,708. In 1870 the money in circulation was equal to $19.97 per capita, and in 1890 to $23.969. Hence, the amount of money in circulation has increased more rapidly than our population within the past twenty years, rapid as our growth in numbers has been.

MANY people have forgotten the particular circumstance which causes GROVER CLEVELAND to hold such a venomous hatred of Senator INGALLS. It is found in the Senator's article in the *North American Review* for June, 1888, in which Mr. CLEVELAND was described as a man "possessing every acknowledged disqualification for the Presidency," and as having "no perceptible connection with the category of accidents to which his election was due."

THE unwisdom of PARNELL is attempting to cling to his leadership in the face of the protest of GLADSTONE will be eagerly seized upon by the enemies of Ireland as showing the inherent incapacity of the Irish race. The day of deliverance was in sight, but PARNELL, by refusing to abdicate, alienates his English allies under GLADSTONE, and postpones indefinitely the end. If there ever was political fatuity, it is this.

FREE SILVER COINAGE.

The pressure for the free coinage of silver increases, and there is a feeling in Washington that a bill for that purpose may become a law during the present session of Congress. Two bills have already been introduced in the Senate for this purpose, by Senator PLUMB, of Kansas, and Senator TELLER, of Nevada, respectively. The Senate has a majority favorable to free coinage, and it is asserted that a majority can also be found in the House favorable to the project. In view of the possibility of the enactment of such a law, a brief history of the "coinage question" will be of interest.

In 1792, Congress passed a coinage law, which made the silver dollar the only unit and standard of our money. The dollar so authorized weighed 416 grains, with 892.4 grains of pure silver in 1,000, so that the coin contained 371¼ grains pure metal. By an act of Congress in 1837, the weight of the coin was reduced to 412½ grains, nine tenths pure, which did not alter the amount of pure metal, however. Hence the silver dollar from 1837 down to the present has contained 412½ grains of "standard" silver. "Standard" silver is nine-tenths pure silver and one-tenth pure copper, hence the standard silver dollar contains 371¼ grains pure silver. The gold dollar was also authorized to be coined of 25.8 grains standard. Both coins were made full legal tender.

In 1861, under the derangement of our finances by the war, gold went to a premium, both gold and silver disappeared from circulation, and our only currency was paper money, of various kinds, and of all denominations, from the 3-cent and 5-cent fractional currency upwards. The coinage laws were revised in 1873, after coin had been out of circulation for twelve years. By the new law, the gold dollar of 23.8 grains standard was made the unit, which it has remained ever since, and the silver dollar was dropped from our coinage.

The silver dollar was again authorized to be coined by the Bland act of 1878; but it was not made the unit of value, nor was it given free coinage. By "free coinage" is meant that any owner of silver bullion can take it to the mint, and have it coined into silver dollars. Under the Bland law, the secretary of the Treasury was directed to buy, at market rates, not less than two million dollars' worth of silver bullion per month, nor more than four million dollars' worth, to be coined into standard dollars.

To put the case in another way: By the law of 1792 the silver dollar was made the unit of our currency. We then had the silver standard. By the act of 1873, the gold dollar was made the unit of our currency, and since that time we have had the gold standard. Now, it would not make the slightest difference in the world which is the standard if the silver dollar of 412½ grains' weight, and the gold dollar of 25.8 grains' weight, were of equal value as bullion. But they are not. At the present time the bullion value of the silver dollar is about 80 cents.

Senator PLUMB'S bill provides for the free coinage of the silver dollar of 412½ grains, and of the gold dollar of 25.8 grains, each to be a full legal tender in any amount.

Senator TELLER'S bill provides for the free coinage of a silver dollar of 400 grains standard, which is to be a full legal tender, and to be the only unit of our coinage. If is safe to say that if a free coinage silver bill is passed, it will not reduce the weight of silver in the coin, however.

The argument in favor of free coinage is, that the low price of silver is because of its demonetization by all the great civilized nations, including ourselves; that to establish free coinage will bring its value up to a practical parity with gold; that the free coinage of silver will add to the circulation, which is too small, and thus be a source of prosperity to the whole people; that the silver dollar was the unit and standard from 1792 to 1873, that all debts contracted within that period were made in the silver dollar, which was our monetary unit; that the coinage act of 1873, which demonetized the silver dollar and established the gold standard, perpetrated a wrong upon the people, which wrong should be righted at once.

The argument against free coinage is that the depreciation in the price of silver, as compared with gold, has been going on ever since the silver mines of Peru and Mexico poured their floods into Spain and Europe, in the sixteenth century; that whereas the ratio between the metals, established by the coinage act of 1792, was correct then, it is so no longer, because of this slow and steady depreciation of silver; that as all the great nations have demonetized silver, we alone can not, by its remonetization, make it increase in price to par with gold, but that free coinage will simply cause us, in effect, to go from a gold standard to a silver bullion standard—that is, that values will be measured in an 80-cent dollar, to the utter derangement of our finances, causing confusion and ruin in the commercial world; that all our bonds, and all debts contracted since 1873—seventeen years ago—are payable in gold standard, and to make them payable in an 80-cent dollar would be dishonest and fraudulent; that for years before the coinage act of 1873, we had a fluctuating paper currency, and that law merely placed our monetery system on the same basis as that of all other nations; and that free coinage would help no one but the millionaire silver mine owners, who would thus be enabled to get a legal tender silver dollar for every 80 cents' worth of silver they presented at the mint, and thus reap a fortune at the expense of the people.

The question is a grave one, with the difficulty that it is impossible to predict what would really be the result of free coinage without making a trial of it; and it looks now as though we were going to test it by actual experiment. There is one thing certain: No law can make the value of a dollar easier to obtain honestly than it is now.

THE Democratic free trade organs, which have been asserting that the new tariff is "prohibitory," will please explain how it happened that "the imports at the port of New York for the first three weeks of November were nearly 8 per cent greater than for the same period in 1889, and 29 per cent greater than in the same period of 1888," which statement is given in the President's message, and whose truth is shown by the official records.

THE Washington *Post* hints at the fun in the Senate if GROVER CLEVELAND were there with INGALLS, to battle at short range. The bare contemplation of such a thing will set the Democrats dizzy. They are not yet ready to see their prophet, stuffed with chestnuts, go upon the meat block and be dissected by so skilled a carver as Senator INGALLS.

AN Eastern exchange is meditating upon the singular that fact when a woman's nose is red, people at once assume that her blood is out of order; whereas, if a man's nose turns the same color, everybody declares it is because of drink.

IN BOOK FORM.

"NASBY'S" LAST NOVEL,

"THE DEMAGOGUE."

THE success of "The Demagogue," Mr. D. R. Locke's last and best novel, published as a serial in the columns of this paper, was phenomenal, and long before the story was finished we had many inquiries as to whether or not it would be published in book form.

In response to this very general demand for this story in a permanent form, the great novel has been issued in a handsome cloth bound volume, beautifully printed and gotten up in the most tasteful manner.

Anyone sending to THE BLADE a dollar and a half will be mailed a copy of "The Demagogue," postage prepaid.

For two dollars we will send the Weekly BLADE one year and a copy of "The Demagogue," postage prepaid.

This is an unprecedentedly low offer, and should be taken advantage of at once.

A Grand Feature!

A Series of Papers Which Will be Invaluable to Every American Voter, Young or Old.

We are glad to be able to announce, among other excellent features, that we have secured for publication in THE BLADE during the new year, a series of papers, on government and citizenship, by some of America's most distinguished publicists, entitled:

"LETTERS TO YOUNG CITIZENS."

While the title is "to Young Citizens," we assure THE BLADE readers that they will be in the highest degree instructive and profitable to any one, young or old. They will be entirely free from political coloring, or special theories. They are not intended to teach party politics, but to inculcate sound and just ideas in regard to the rights, duties and obligations of American citizenship.

The articles are all written in popular style, and are brief and practical. The first "Letter" will appear in THE BLADE of January 4, and one follow each week.

Read the list of distinguished men who will be the writers of these letters, and see if you do not agree with us that this series alone will be worth much more than a year's subscription to THE BLADE:

List of Authors and Subjects.

1.—BISHOP A. CLEVELAND COXE. Subject: "Law and Public Morals."
2.—PRESIDENT MERRILL EDWARDS GATES, LL. D., of Amherst College. Subject: "Politics in Their True Light."
3.—GEORGE W. CABLE. Subject: "The Future American Citizen."
4.—JOHN HABBERTON. Subject: "True Patriotism."
5.—HON. JOHN A. KASSON, Washington, D. C. Subject to be announced.
6.—ALBERT SHAW, Minneapolis, Minn. Subject: "Municipal Duties and Obligations."
7.—WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D. Subject: "A Look Forward in American History."
8.—PROF. EDMUND J. JAMES, of the University of Pennsylvania. Subject: "Our Financial System."
9.—SENATOR JOSEPH R. HAWLEY.—Subject to be announced.
10.—WILLIAM M. FIRKARD, LL. D., president Iowa State University. Subject: "Some Lessons of Our First Century."
11.—JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL. D. Subject: "The Expansion of the Republic."
12.—WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE. Subject: "Political Independence."
13.—GEN. THOMAS J. MORGAN, U. S. Commissioner Indian Bureau. Subject: "Our Indian Policy."
14.—HUBERT H. BANCROFT, of San Francisco. Subject to be announced.
15.—S. G. W. BENJAMIN. Subject: "True Political Independence."
16.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Subject: "The Merit System of Making Government Appointments."
17.—HENRY RANDALL WAITE, President of the American Institute of Civics. Subject: "Civics in Church and State."
18.—THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Subject: "Evils of Sectionalism."
19.—PRESIDENT E. H. CAPEN, of Tufts College, Maine. Subject: "The Education of the Citizen."
20.—TITUS MUNSON COAN. Subject: "Qualifications for Places of Trust."
21.—EDWARD EVERETT HALE. Subject: "American Ideals Overstrained."
22.—PRESIDENT R. HOPKINS, D. D., of Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga. Subject: "Essentials to True Legislation."
23.—MILES H. PARKHURST, D. D., of New York. Subject: "The First Duty of the Citizen."
24.—THOMAS L. JAMES, ex-Postmaster General. Subject: "Our Postal System."
25.—MAJOR GENERAL O. O. HOWARD. Subject: "Our Standing Army."

There is not a voter in the United States who will not be benefitted and aided by reading this magnificent series. Every father should consider it a duty to place it before his son, that the latter may understand his duties to the state—not as a partisan, but as a citizen. The writers are all men who stand high in intellect, men noted in the world of action, men whose best thoughts, given in these letters, will well be worth any one's perusal.

Teachers of Youth

Should be especially interested in this series, and mention it to the pupils under their care, as well as bring it to the attention of parents. It will be of vast value as a means of arousing thought, and hence be an educational aid of the highest value.

Will you aid us in having it widely read, by sending us a list of teachers, professors, and others interested in the education of youth, to whom we may mail sample copies?

Or will you kindly call the attention of the teachers and ministers of your neighborhood to the announcement?

Renew your subscriptions, and obtain these matchless letters!

THE ALLIANCE ON THE TARIFF.

The Democratic papers, without a single exception, are assuming that the newly-elected Alliance members of the next House are Democrats politically, and that they will vote as such on all tariff legislation that may come up in that Congress. In this they are, we think, badly mistaken. The Alliance does not appear to take the free trade side of the tariff question. And our reasons for so thinking are the following:

Secretary RITTENHOUSE, of the national Alliance, writing from the national headquarters in Washington city, declared that he received hundreds of letters from subordinate organizations of the Alliance which show that it was the money question, and not the tariff issue, that caused the nomination and election of so many Alliance candidates for Congress.

COL. L. L. POLK, president of the national Alliance, makes the following strong statement, which THE BLADE'S Washington special gave a few days ago: "People who believe that the issue was won on tariff lines are mistaken. It was financial reform that caused the sweep."

The national organ of the Alliance, the *National Economist*, in its editorial columns protests against the Democratic claim that the action of the Western farmers is to be interpreted as being a free-trade move. It says:

Nor will it be safe to consider these gains as a triumph for the doctrine of free trade, or an attempt to involve the country in another tariff war, as was done two years ago. The people will not submit to it, and will certainly emphasize their disapproval in a manner that will be both seen and felt.

All of which goes to show that the Democrats are counting their chickens before they are hatched, in assuming that the Alliance is with them on free trade. The Alliance eggs will not hatch out free trade votes in Congress.

A SPOTTED SUN.

The New York *Sun*, a paper which is too intelligent, too well informed, to believe for an instant that there is any danger to the liberties of the people in the federal elections bill, goes into double-leaded make-believe hysterics of the demagogic sort as follows, anent the President's recommendation that it be passed:

The principal thing in President Harrison's message is a zealous recommendation that the Force bill should be taken up and pressed through Congress.

There is little need of any further argument upon this subject. This bill is simply a revolution. Its one purpose is to continue the dominant party in power; and to this end its promoters are willing to destroy local self government, to overthrow the rights of citizens and of communities, and to change a republic of free elections into a concentrated party despotism.

This scheme should be resisted determinedly, unyieldingly, uncompromisingly by every Democrat. If necessary, every means of delay and obstruction should be resorted to in Congress. The mischiefs that are sure to arise from such a political revolution are so great and so grave as to overshadow every other question.

There is not a statement concerning the federal elections bill in the above extract from the *Sun* that is not a deliberate, willful falsehood, known to be such by the writer when he penned it.

The fact is admitted by Southern leaders that the colored vote is cancelled by various means, so that it cuts no figure in the returns. It is done, if possible, by intimidation, thus preventing thousands from going to the polls at all; where this will not succeed, dishonest election laws, frauds at the polls, or falsification of the returns, are resorted to.

The result is, that in a number of states a minority of the voters control elections; the Congressmen who represent the silenced majorities are chosen by these minorities, and there is no possible claim that the cardinal principle of our government—the rule of the majority—is carried out.

The federal elections bill is not a "Force" bill; it is intended to secure an honest vote and honest returns.

Its purpose is to restore the government of the people to states now ruled by oligarchies.

It will not affect "local self-government," for it applies, and can apply, only to elections for Representatives in Congress and for Presidential electors.

It overthrows no right of citizens or communities, but is intended to restore the right of suffrage to citizens unlawfully deprived of it.

It will break the despotism which unlawfully controls a number of states, and restore rule to the people so shamefully deprived of it.

It will destroy a "concentrated party despotism," and restore honest elections.

It should be passed, despite the *Sun's* wild appeal to the Democrats of the KILGORE stamp—the "kicking steers" of cowboy Bourbonism.

The *Sun*, which falsely claims to "shine for all," evidently don't shine for black citizens in the old slave states. It should amend the statement to, "it shines for Bourbons."

THE PENSION LIST.

The attacks of the Democratic and mugwump newspapers on the pension system have increased in number and virulence since the November election; and the statement frequently appears, especially in the East, that the number of pensions is too great for the possible number of survivors of the war of the rebellion.

This is intended to convey the impression that persons are on the pension list who never were in the army as fighting men; that the Pension bureau is run as a political machine, and that pensions have been granted by the wholesale to influence voters, and not because the applicants were entitled thereto by the rules of the bureau. The following table, showing the number of soldiers furnished, the percentage of losses, and pensioners, from official sources, shows the utter falsity of this venomous slander:

States.	Soldiers Furnished.	Losses.	Pensioners.	Per cent of Losses.	Per cent of pensioners.
New York	467,047	51,244	85,208	10.97	10.73
Pen'sylvania	366,107	37,302	48,578	10.18	13.54
Massach'setts	152,048	15,425	21,897	10.14	14.40
Ohio	310,259	37,851	57,087	11.94	18.39
Illinois	256,293	27,647	44,010	10.78	17.17
Wisconsin	90,424	12,066	15,765	13.38	17.41
Indiana	197,147	27,555	47,798	14.11	24.24
Missouri	109,111	14,110	23,749	12.93	21.76
Michigan	90,373	10,921	18,564	12.09	20.54
Iowa	76,309	13,324	23,159	17.72	30.08
Minnesota	25,052	2,748	9,259	10.94	36.95

When we consider the fact that there are many widows, and quite a number of minor children, on the pension rolls, it will be seen that, making due allowance for the mortality among the veterans since the close of the war, the number of pensioners, including veterans themselves, widows and children, is by no means equal to the total number of surviving soldiers.

INCREASING THE CURRENCY.

The currency question—that is, how its volume and elasticity shall be increased—is to be a leading one with Congress for some time to come. There is always a time of money scarcity in the fall, when the crops are actively moving. The volume of the currency may be ample for all needs during all the remainder of the year; but the special needs of that particular season are so vast that stringency always occurs. How can the circulation be given the needed elasticity, that it may expand to meet the requirements of crop-moving time, and contract to a volume just short of inflation for the remainder of the year?

There is obvious need of some means of accomplishing this: But what method can be employed? The silver men's answer is, the unlimited coinage of silver. The Alliance method is by government loans of irredeemable paper currency on the crops. The secretary of the Treasury has an interconvertible bond scheme, and the Comptroller advocates allowing the national banks to issue notes to the full par value of the bonds deposited. None of these is without its objections; and the discussion of them will be long and heated in Congress.

That is, everybody admits the condition, but there is no agreement as to the best method of obviating it; in fact, it is a question whether it can be obviated entirely. But there is no doubt that the vast expansion of our business and industrial operations has caused us to outgrow the currency provisions of the past. To meet this need, and yet to preserve stability—to furnish enough for legitimate demands, without inflating the currency and thus bringing upon us the ruin which inevitably follows a period of inflation and speculation—will tax the wisdom of our law-makers.

The fact is to be remembered, in the discussion of this question, that actual money plays a very small part in the total of commercial exchanges. The recent investigations of the Comptroller of the Currency show that at the present time only from 7 to 9 per cent of the transactions of the banks are in money, the large remainder, amounting to more than nine-tenths of the whole, being represented by checks and other substitutes for money. It follows, therefore, that there need not be at enormous addition to the currency to represent a great relief to the commercial interests of the country.

"HOLD the fort" is the gist of the President's message, on the tariff question.

"Oliver Optic's" Story.

The New Serial Now Being Written for The Blade by this Noted Author.

We have completed arrangements for a new serial story, to be begun in THE BLADE some time near the beginning of the new year, entitled:

"A WILL OF HIS OWN,"

By WM. T. ADAMS.

MR. ADAMS is better known to the reading public by his *nom de plume* of "Oliver Optic." The story is one of the present day and of the country, dealing with people and events of common, everyday life. The following are the persons who figure in the story, some very prominently, some in a subordinate way:

Captain Ezra Barnwood, formerly sea captain, now a farmer at the Highlands.

Mrs. Mercy Barnwood, his wife, owns the Rockwood lands.

J. Knox Barnwood, son, the "hero," goes by the name of "Knox," 16 years.

Marian Barnwood, daughter, 14 years.

Tom Rivers, 15 years, not a very bright boy, who sometimes works for Captain Barnwood.

Rockwood Lyon, 17 years, friend of Knox, becomes the engineer of a little steamer, bought by Knox.

Major Follansby Steele, owner of the Millonia Ironworks, one of the two rich men of the place.

Mrs. Sabra Steele, his wife, fond of "style."

C. Laud Steele, 17 years, son, wild and reckless fellow, called "Laud."

Josephine Steele, 15 years, not so stylish as her mother.

Dr. Lewis Pemberton, owner of the Puritan Iron-works, the other rich man of Millonia.

Mrs. Ruth Pemberton, his wife, a plain, good woman.

Sybil Pemberton, 16 years, his daughter, very pretty and sensible girl.

Raymond Pemberton, 14 years, his son, called "Ray," an enterprising boy, but rather quiet, though firm and resolute.

The story, as will be seen, deals with both grown people and the younger generation. It is thus a story for all classes of readers—

For parents,
For young people,
For everybody who likes to read a good, pure, clean story, moral in its teachings, and which will not only amuse but instruct. For what higher, more valuable teaching can the world have, than that evil works evil to him who practices it; that honesty is the best policy; and that happiness in this life is very largely dependent upon our own exertions?

There is not a reader of THE BLADE who will not be interested in the perusal of this story. There is not a family of boys and girls who will not be the better for reading it, and for applying the plain, homely lessons it inculcates to their every day life.

This story is of itself worth more than the subscription price of THE BLADE for a whole year. "Oliver Optic's" books have sold and are selling by the hundreds of thousands. His stories for young people are found in the homes of the rich, the cottages of the poor; they are in Sunday-school libraries, public libraries, reading clubs and the like. They are all pure, interesting, healthful in tone and unobjectionable in sentiment. We believe our readers will agree that "A Will of His Own" is one of the best stories THE BLADE has ever published.

We wish to send sample copies to every family who does not take THE BLADE, in order that they may be induced to subscribe. We shall be very much obliged to our friends if they will send us the names of all persons in their vicinity who would be glad to read this story, and we will send them sample copies of THE BLADE. Please do this *at once!*

THE BLADE WASHING MACHINE.

There have been so many failures in washing machines that THE BLADE has hitherto been loth to offer one in connection with the paper, notwithstanding we have, in the past few years, received hundreds of requests that we should offer such a premium. However, we have at last found one that has stood the test here in Toledo, and given satisfaction to the families using it.

We are now having made for us, here in Toledo, by a leading manufacturer, a large number of these washing machines. It is the best ever offered the public; if we did not thoroughly believe this, we should not offer it. By referring to the advertisement on the 5th page of this issue, the reader can see a cut of it, and read the splendid offer we there make.

This machine retails at $7.00. We offer it, with the Weekly BLADE one year, for $5.00. The machine thus costs $4.00, which is a saving of $3.00 to the buyer—one of the profits all our subscribers have an opportunity of making. The machine is car

FOR 1891.

Some of the Good Things The Blade Has on Its Programme for Next Year for Its Readers.

We herewith make announcement of a part only of the special features we are preparing for the readers of the Weekly BLADE for next year. The first of these is

"A WILL OF HIS OWN,"

A serial story, by the famous "Oliver Optic," who is better known by that name to myriads of readers than by his true name of WILLIAM T. ADAMS, a notice of which is given elsewhere. This will be begun at some time about the New Year. Every subscriber whose time expires this fall should renew so as to get this story, which alone will be worth the subscription price for the whole year.

We have arrangements in progress for several other

SERIAL STORIES BY LEADING AUTHORS OF NOTE,

Due announcement of which will be made, which will furnish to our readers a number of first-class stories, any one of which, in book form, would cost them more than the subscription price to THE BLADE for the entire year.

In addition, we are having prepared, at considerable expense, a *special* series of articles for publication in THE BLADE next year, which will be entitled the

"MONEY-MAKER SERIES."

These will give full and complete practical information how to *make money* by what may be called "side issues," which can be pursued in connection with one's regular occupation. We have not completed a list of subjects, but will name a few:

"How to Make Money by Poultry Raising;" giving full directions for making incubators, directions for managing them, for feeding young chicks, marketing them, etc; and keeping poultry for egg-producing exclusively.

"Money in Small Fruits," telling how any one with a spare lot of ground can find profit in strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, etc.

"Cranberry Culture," for any one who has an old mill dam, or bit of swamp land, telling how it can be made worth $1,000 per acre.

"Small Trades," telling how a person who has not the ground or room available for any of the above can make money by occupations that can be carried on of evenings, such as silver plating and replating, nickel plating, and a number of others, by any of which an active, energetic person can profitably occupy his spare hours.

"Amateur Photography," giving minute directions whereby one can do successful work without the aid of an instructor.

And many others, which we are not yet ready to announce.

The "Money-maker Series" will be copyrighted, and will *not* be published in book form, or in any thing else than THE BLADE. These papers will appear at intervals during the year, and will be illustrated, where necessary; minute directions, with actual cost of materials will be given; and every pains taken to make them easily understood by every one.

Remember, there will be no way of obtaining this series save by subscribing to the WEEKLY BLADE; and any one who wishes can, find the way from one or the other, to make many times the dollar THE BLADE will cost for the year.

The various regular departments of THE BLADE will be improved and made better, and the paper will be found still more worthy of the patronage of every one. Don't fail to renew in time!

The New Tariff Law.

The Official Text of the Law, Without Omission—With Notes, Showing the Changes From the Old Law.

The demand for the new tariff law—the "McKinley bill"—is tremendous, and we are asked by hundreds of letters, to "publish it in full." It is too long. It makes nearly *four pages* the size of those of THE BLADE.

But, to supply the demand, we are now printing the new tariff law as an extra. It contains the full text of the bill, as it became a law, and as it now stands in the United States Statutes, complete and unabridged.

To make it the more useful, we have added to the different schedules notes, showing the *changes* from the old law—thus making it invaluable to every one who desires full information.

We will send one copy by mail, postpaid, for 4 cents. Send *two* 2-cent stamps.

Or, we will send 2 copies for 5 cents in stamps.

Or, *one dozen* copies for 25 cents.

Send in your orders at once for copies of "the new tariff law," inclosing the stamps with the order; and we shall take it as a great favor if you will send, on a separate slip of paper, in the same letter, a list of persons in your neighborhood who do not take THE BLADE. Send their names and postoffice addresses, and we will mail each a sample copy of this paper.

☞ All orders now in our hands for copies of the Tariff Law will be mailed this week, and all later orders will be filled by return mail.

Science Causerie.

The Germs of Disease.

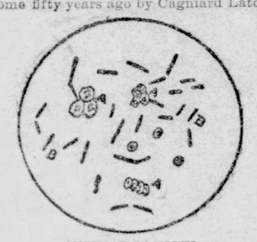
Of all the brilliant scientific discoveries which the nineteenth century has witnessed, there are perhaps none which possess more general interest and fascination than those low forms of life which, although invisible to the naked eye, invest all our surroundings and have such an extraordinary potentiality for good or evil; appearing sometimes as our friends and faithful servants doing the work which they are bidden without a murmur, while at other times they oppose us as impracticable foes and defy our power and ingenuity.

It is only during the last few decades that we have become accurately acquainted with the nature and works of those minute living forms, which we now generally designate as micro-organisms, microbes, germs or bacteria. For much of this knowledge, and especially for the groundwork of it, we are indebted to the indefatigable energy and masterly genius of Louis Pasteur, whose name is so familiar in every corner of the globe where civilization has made itself felt.

Through the labors of Pasteur, and a long list of zealous investigators by whom he has been followed, a large amount of the most interesting and important information has been collected concerning this unseen living world of micro-organisms.

Among the vast array of chemical changes or chemical reactions, as we generally call them, which constitute the great science of chemistry, there is probably none which is so well known to the general public, and certainly none which enjoys a more ancient reputation and history than the conversion of sugar into alcohol. There is hardly any race of men so primitive that they have not discovered the method of effecting this change, for to whatever part of the world we turn our attention, we find that in some shape or other a fermented liquid, or in other words an alcoholic liquid, is the favorite beverage of man.

But although the production of this substance has been known from the most remote times, the nature of this change from sugar to alcohol is still one of the obscurest in the whole of chemical science, is still one that the ingenuity and resource of man has been unable to imitate. Now it was the discovery that this important transformation is in every case due to the presence of certain minute forms of life, about one-three-thousandth of an inch in diameter, that first caused much attention to be devoted to these micro organisms of which we now hear so much. It was found some fifty years ago by Cagniard Latour

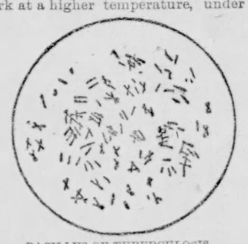


ANTHRAX BACILLUS.

In this figure, A represents the blood corpuscles, and B the anthrax bacilli.

and Schwann that the mysterious substance known to brewers as yeast or burm was really composed of a vast number of minute oval particles endowed with the powers of growth and multiplication, and, therefore, undoubtedly living.

Pasteur found that these yeast organisms were endowed with the power of decomposing sugar in a perfectly definite manner, and that the products were not only alcohol and carbonic acid, but also smaller proportions of glycerine and succinic acid. But Pasteur further showed that there was not only one kind of yeast, but a number of different races of yeast, differing as much from each other as the different races of men; all of them endowed with this particular power of elaborating alcohol from sugar; but while some were especially fitted to do their work at a higher temperature, under a



BACILLUS OF TUBERCULOSIS.

tropical sun, so to speak others were especially adapted to labor in a colder climate, and others again under other specific conditions.

Perhaps the most remarkable changes which micro-organisms bring about are those in connection with animal and vegetable matter. Under ordinary circumstances these animal and vegetable matters undergo putrefaction and decay. Formerly it was supposed that this was an inherent property of such substances. We now know, however, that this putrefaction and decay are entirely dependent upon the presence of certain microbes, and that if the necessary precautions are taken to prevent the access of these organisms, which are abundantly present in all our surroundings, then animal and vegetable matters may be preserved for an indefinite length of time without undergoing any change.

COMMA BACILLUS OF ASIATIC CHOLERA.

Again, one of the most remarkable facts which modern science has brought to light is that many diseases are caused by living organisms. Since the discovery in 1852 that the disease variously known as anthrax, splenic fever, is produced by the presence in the blood of the affected man or animal of a particular micro-organism called the bacillus anthracis, year by year one disease after another has been conclusively demonstrated to be the result of similar causes. Thus at the present time we have indisputable evidence that in addition to anthrax, erysipelas, tuberculosis (of which one of the commonest forms is pulmonary consumption), chicken cholera, glanders and swine fever are brought about by the presence of micro-organisms; while in the case of many other diseases the proof is all but complete.

STREPTOCOCCUS OF ERYSIPELAS.

Now the question naturally arises how the presence of these minute living organisms in the system of an animal causes such serious disturbance to health. That the disturbance is the result of the mere mechanical action of these microorganisms appeared from the first to be inadmissible, more especially as the number of the organisms present is sometimes comparatively small and quite insufficient to account for the extent of the lesion. On the other hand, it was early suggested that the real cause of the mischief to the system was in all probability due to some chemical substance produced by the microbes possessing strongly poisonous properties. Numerous facts have been found to support this theory, and in recent years attempts have been made to isolate these microbial poisons, and although we are not yet in possession of the actual poisons causing any of the typical zymotic diseases, still a number or intensely toxic substances produced by micro-organisms have been separated and obtained in a state of purity.

Intimately connected with these poisons elaborated by microbes is the subject of protective inoculation. The most familiar form of this protective inoculation is ordinary vaccination, in which a comparatively small number of the microbes are introduced into the system there to multiply abundantly and to effect some change, possibly to remove some necessary food material, so that the system will no longer favor the growth of the same organism if it subsequently gain access. The system thus becomes protected by having supported a crop of organisms and is incapable of maintaining a second, immunity from the particular disease being thus secured for a longer or shorter period of time in the future.

It has, however, been found that protection may be secured in the case of some diseases without inoculating the living organism at all, but by introducing only a certain quantity of its products on successive occasions and in increasing quantities. In this case the protection obviously depends upon accustoming the system to the particular poison, just as persons may by practice become accustomed to taking doses of arsenic or opium which would prove immediately fatal to ordinary people. Considerations of this kind have led Pasteur to devise the systems of preventive inoculation for anthrax, for chicken cholera, and more recently for hydrophobia, which is doubtless a disease produced by microbes, although as yet undiscovered. Koch, the German bacteriologist, following out the same line of experiments in human beings, was able definitely to distinguish and propagate the peculiar bacilli of Asiatic cholera and of tuberculosis, and his experiments in inoculation with reference to the latter terrible disease are just now the leading topic of scientific discussion.

How Prof. Koch Reached His Discovery.

The recital of the manner in which Dr. Koch arrived at the stage in his grand discovery where he thought it safe to inoculate human beings is very curious and interesting. First, Dr. Koch, recognizing that phthisis is caused by the tuberculosis, which in its turn is caused by microbes, and that the old treatment of phthisis had few healing effects, decided entirely to abandon the beaten track. "I will not," said he, "make upon human beings experiments which at the outset can have but little value. I will begin with the bacillus in cultures which I have myself prepared." Then began the vast experiments which have certainly been carried on since the outbreak of the cholera at Marseailles in 1885, and possibly much longer, and which have demanded almost infinite patience.

Dr. Koch prepared a certain number—many hundreds—of simple glass tubes, which he caused to be sterilized in fire. He then filled them with cultures, also sterilized, that is with cultures which contained no germ. These were prepared with Agar-Agar, a kind of gelatine. Microbes taken directly from the expectoration of consumptive patients were then placed in this "bouillon," and the mouth of the tuption given at the gelatinous substance which was as effective on the animals as the chloride of gold had proven in the cultures.

This is the substance which Dr. Koch has finally adopted, and which he resolutely keeps secret. In the second series of guinea pigs inoculated with tuberculosis, the bacillus was killed and all the animals got well. It was at the close of these experiments that Dr. Koch made his celebrated announcement at the International Medical college at Berlin last August, that microbes in the animal economy might henceforth be paralyzed without danger. But he did not then say that he had made any experiments upon human beings, nor that phthisis in human beings was curable. He announced nothing which he did not know. Shortly afterwards he began his experiments upon human beings, employing the same substance which he had adopted in the case of the guinea pigs. His resolution to keep the exact nature of this substance secret until cures of phthisis in the human race by this process were beyond peradventure, has not been broken, and it is probable that months will yet elapse before he will tell his secret.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge.

The Youth's Companion announces as an important accession to its list of Contributors, the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Coleridge, who will write on "Success in the Medical Profession." Sir MORELL MACKENZIE, physician to the late Emperor of Germany, contributes a similar paper on "Success in the Medical Profession."

Where the Cruelty Came In.

Young Lady—Don't you think fox hunting a cruel sport?

Escort—Y-a-s, it is; it's regular torture, bajove. I haven't been able to sit down for a week.—[Good News.

The Value of the Initiative.

She—"Miss Perkins is very intellectual, to be sure, but why should she wish she were a man?"

He—"Well, her chances for matrimony would be vastly increased, don't you see?"—[The Epoch.

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WHERE DOES THE DESERVING SOLDIER COME IN?

[New York Herald, November 30.]

THE PENSION SHARKS.

The Birmingham, Alabama, *Age-Herald*, a Democratic sheet, demands that the Democratic majority in the next Congress shall promptly repeal the disability pension law, passed in June last. It is a leading Southern journal, and in this demand frankly voices the undying hatred of the Democratic party, as a national organization, to the veterans of the war of the rebellion.

The Democratic press of the North is not the less opposed to the payment of the millions it requires each year to the disabled and worn-out veterans. But as the sentiment of the North is largely in favor of the pension system, they shrewdly harp upon the string that is most responsive among the masses—the great expense; and wherever there is a vulnerable point in the law, they make the most of it.

We reproduce on this page a cartoon from a recent number of the New York *Herald*, a free trade Democratic paper. It is entitled, "Where Does the Deserving Soldier Come In?" A wooden-legged old soldier, in frayed and patched clothing, sits with bowed head, by an empty chest, marked "U. S. Treasury." A flock of greedy cormorants (or perhaps pelicans), each wearing a hat labeled "Pension Agent" or "Pension Attorney," their beaks stuffed with the money of which they have just emptied the treasury, are gathered around him, apparently wondering where his share comes in. Behind is a placard bearing the words, "Pensions, 1890, $109,357,534." The dome of the capitol at Washington, in the background, completes the picture.

There is more truth than fancy in the cartoon. It illustrates the point for which THE BLADE has stoutly contended for some time—that the pension laws need such revision as will deprive the whole brood of pension attorneys of their occupation. There is no need of any man to act between the honest claimant and the government. The pension is a valid claim, recognized by the government; it is its duty to investigate every application, and decide whether the applicant is entitled under the law. There is no need of allowing any go-betweens. The pension agent is a superfluity.

It cannot be disguised that there is a growing opposition to pensions, and especially to any extension of the system, among a very large class of the community, particularly in that portion of the country east of Ohio. Of course it has always existed in the South. The Democratic papers of these parts of the nation are fostering this anti-pension sentiment. We shall not be surprised to see an effort made, in the next Congress, to repeal the disability pension laws; nor shall we be surprised if these develop, in that Congress, strong opposition to the passage of the pension appropriation bills.

The fact that Washington City is full of pension attorneys who have made fortunes—some of them running into the millions—out of the necessities of the old soldiers, is one of the things that has created, and which increases, this anti-pension sentiment. If the money is to be spent, let it go to the soldiers for whom it was designed, and not to these agents. We repeat, a revision and amendment of our pension laws is one thing urgently needed; and such revision should be made as will sweep away the pension attorneys. It can be done, and it must be done, else the system itself will be in peril.

THE ATLANTA MEETING

Of the Women's Christian Temperance Union—Summary of the Proceedings.

EDITOR BLADE:—The largest attendance ever yet known at a national convention of the W. C. T. U. gathered at Atlanta, Ga., November 14-18, in response to the invitation which came not only from the local unions but also from the mayor of Atlanta, the governor of the state and his entire official staff. Three hundred and ninety-three delegates, representing 39 states, two territories and the district of Columbia were present to receive the cordial welcome extended them, and to conduct the business of their annual meeting for, probably the first time, in a state which had a governor who was in hearty sympathy with their work. Many notable personages, among whom were Dan Wright, Boston, M. J. Dunorst, and John Lloyd Thomas, of New York, Alice Stone Blackwell, the editress, Miss Cornelia Dow, daughter of Neal Dow, and Neal Dow were visitors at the convention and attended the reception given at the governmental mansion, in honor of the delegates.

This was one of the interesting events, as was also the excursion to Indian Springs, where the W. C. T. U. will build an asylum for inebriates upon land donated for the purpose. The excursion took the form of a basket picnic, and was participated in by a large number of delegates and visitors.

The national president, Miss Frances E. Willard, was in attendance and conducted the business of the meeting in her own thoroughly happy, clear and concise manner. The encouraging news of progress from the reports all over the country, were gratefully received. Three times during the opening session, the hymn of praise, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow," was sung with great fervor and thanksgiving. Eight thousand new members have been added during the past year, and the financial report is most excellent.

The marching songs by a chorus of children, trained by Miss Anna A. Gordon, were well rendered on the opening night. The addresses of welcome, from the local and state W. C. T. U., from the clergy from the city, the state and the South, were responded to by Mrs. Buell, Mrs. Gathrap and Mrs. Kinnear, representing New England, the North and the Northwest. Memorial services were conducted by Miss Willard on Saturday afternoon in memory of Mrs. Margaret Bright Lucas, Mrs. Georgia Hulse McLeod, Miss Julia Thomas, General Clinton B. Fisk, Mr. John Grubb Richardson and Mr. Lucian Adams Hagey.

Saturday evening was given to young woman's work, and very interesting indeed was the programme carried out. Mrs. Frances Barnes, the national superintendent, giving a report from over the sea. Pennsylvania captured the national banner for largest increase in membership.

"Something never before witnessed in the city of Atlanta," writes the *Constitution*, "and something that may never occur again," referring to the fact that women occupied the pulpits of many of the churches upon Sunday during the convention, all spoke to large audiences, making the strong, eloquent appeals that no one is better fitted to make than the earnest and cultured consecrated woman of the C. T. U.

The annual election of officers on Monday resulted in the re-election of all the old officers. The convention continued through Monday and Tuesday, the final adjournment taking place upon Tuesday evening. Thus ended the largest, most interesting and harmonious gathering the W. C. T. U. has ever held.

HE EATS BABY FOOD NOW.

A Hellertown (Pa.) Man's False Teeth Gobbled by a Snake.

Any able-bodied gentleman in need of $5 and a reputation for bravery will find it to his advantage to travel to Hellertown, Lehigh county, by the first train, says the Philadelphia *Record*. In that classic hamlet there dwells a certain citizen who numbers among his earthly possessions a chestnut filly from Kentucky, a brother who lives in wicked Gotham and a valuable set of false teeth imported from Paris.

One day last week, when the mettlesome filly was feeling unusually jolly, the owner of the teeth took his brother for a drive behind the trotter. Out on the "pike," three miles from Hellertown Court House, there is a "roadside spring." It was here that the Hellertown man stopped the filly, and while his brother drank of the bubbling waters, he removed his "Paris" teeth and laid them on the grass. Just as he was on the point of taking a drink himself the filly started up the "pike" at a two-minute clip. Then before the gentleman could understand what it all meant, a huge copper-colored snake glided up, and, to the dismay of the select audience, calmly swallowed the "teeth."

Just what the snake did after thus insulting his digestive organs the gentleman are not prepared to say, as they made a hurried exit from the vicinity and followed the filly back to town.

In proof that the snake story is true the disconsolate owner of the teeth has offered $5 for the return of the same, and he now eats baby food.

Some little fortunes have been made at work for us by Anna Page, Atlanta, Texas, and Jas. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio, see cut. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $15 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Address as above, H. Hallett & Co., Box 950 Portland, Maine. Now and wonderful. Particulars free.

WHAT ARE ASTEROIDS?

An Interesting Talk About These Little Worlds.

Within the last few days astronomers have announced the discovery of a new comet and a new asteroid. It is now within a few months of a hundred years since the first asteroid was discovered, an event that created a great sensation in the days of our great-grandfathers. The asteroids are a sort of puzzle to astronomers, and a thoroughly satisfactory solution has been sought in vain during the whole of the present century. We know that they are little planets, like the earth, with the exception that the largest of them is less than 300 miles in diameter and the smallest probably not more than a dozen miles.

The asteroids are apparently the outcome of some sort of misfit in the making of a full grown planet. Their orbits lie between those of Mars and Jupiter. When the discovery of these little worlds began the theory was advanced that they were the remains of an exploded planet—a world, possibly like ours, knocked to pieces by some internal convulsion or other awful catsclysm. But this theory is not accepted by astronomers of the present day. It is thought that owing to some freak in original planet-making the material dispersed instead of uniting, the result being about two hundred little worlds instead of one big one.

But the astronomers really know very little about the matter. The asteroids are so small—the last one discovered shining only as a star of the thirteenth magnitude—that it is impossible, in the present stage of astronomical research, to learn much about them.

Some interesting thoughts are suggested by the discovery of this new asteroid. Now, even if it is a little world, might it not be inhabited? There is no reason to believe that the size of a planet makes any difference in adaptability to animal and vegetable life. Then, why might not such of the asteroids be inhabited as have reached the right stage for life on their surfaces?

But it would be very strange, from our standpoint, to live on so small a planet as the one lately discovered, probably not more than a dozen miles in diameter. You know that weight is another term for attraction of gravitation. What you weigh means the degree of attraction, proportioned to your mass, that the earth exerts upon you; and the earth's attractive power is in proportion to its mass. Well, imagine yourself on the little planet found a few days ago. The attraction of gravitation would be so slight, compared with that of the earth, and your weight so light, that you could probably jump a hundred feet; and it would be only an exhilarating exercise to take a jaunt around the world as a breakfast appetizer.

THE LIFE FOR WHICH I LONG.

When on my day of light the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my help and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's picture, day of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy spirit
Be with me, then, to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy bounding love,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place—

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expanses
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—John G. Whittier.

AN INTERESTING PLACE.

A Southerner Tells What He Saw in the Oil Fields.

A writer to the Nashville *American* recently went from Nashville to Detroit, and in describing what he saw, says this: "When nearing Lima, 140 miles north of Cincinnati, you realize that you are in the midst of the great oil-producing section of the United States. This is apparent not only by the odors which oppress you, but by the hundreds and thousands of oil wells, seen upon each side of the road, and scattered in every direction as far as the eye can reach.

"Coming within two to five miles of Lima you see many thousands of the great oil tanks used in storing the oil while awaiting shipment and consumption. These tanks are about the same size and shape of the large gasometers at the Nashville gas works and are built about 300 feet apart, cover acres and acres of ground and present a wonderfully grand appearance. Lima was a very small village until the past few years, when this oil supply was discovered, and since then it has gone up as if by magic, till now it is one of the most important points in the West.

A Great Moral Victory.

"I was brave to-day," he remarked to his wife.

"You are always brave."

"But this was a moral victory. A friend asked me in to take a glass of beer. I did so. He proposed another, but I said no, and, cowardly as it may have looked, I immediately re-treated."—[Philadelphia Times.

"Thanatopsis" as She Is Quoted.

In breaking up the ghost dance, every soldier will doubtless "chase his favorite phantom."—[Courier-Journal.

Pardoxical.

Curious that money should get tight when it is locked up. With mankind it is the other way.—[Philadelphia Times.

Publishers' Column.

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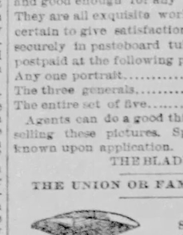

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LANTERN SYMBOLS OF RANK.

A Strange Old Custom Still Prevailing in Parts of Germany.

The distinctions of rank which exist in European countries give rise to troubles, which, though they may seem rather amusing as well as trivial to us, are in reality quite serious to the persons concerned in them. In Stuttgart, years ago, says the *Youths' Companion*, there existed a curious custom which is not yet entirely abolished, and, in fact, still flourishes quite vigorously in some parts of Germany and Switzerland. This was the use of lanterns of different varieties and sizes by which, at night, the rank of the party could be easily distinguished.

The lanterns were carried by the servants, who were sent to escort their mistresses home from places of amusement, and they made the square in front of the Royal opera-house, where most of the entertainments were then given, quite pituresque, with their lights bobbing up and down in every direction.

The difference between some of these lanterns were slight, but they had to be strictly observed, or trouble arose. The order of rank, as set forth in the "rank list," was something from which they could never swerve. Some had lanterns of tin, some of brass; some had wax lights, and others tallow; even the number of lights was prescribed for each seperate class or rank.

Struck Against Him.

"Hello, McCorkle, how did you get your head broken like that?"

"Labor troubles, McCrackle."

"Labor troubles?"

"Yes; my wife went on a strike."—[The Epoch.

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HOME TALKS.

ALWAYS IN A HURRY!

Limitations it Produces — The Mother of the Salvation Army— How the World Looked When We Were Young.

HURRY! Hurry! Hurry! That is the way it goes from morning until night, and she is a lucky woman, indeed, who can sit down in a cozy home an hour in a day, and, folding her hands, dream dreams without feeling an invisible imp tugging and pushing her out of her place in order to *do* something. This restlessness is in the very air, in the homes, upon the streets, in all business places. Rapid transit is puzzling the brain with possibilities, for time presses and there is so much to do, so much ground to get over. We even take our pleasures with a rush, whizz and bang.

This is far from an age of moderation. The effort, persistent and unceasing, is to compress much in little. It is this sort of thing that is pressing hardest upon woman, and it is she who must call a halt, or she will fall midway in the upward path which she is climbing. She must exorcise this breathless spirit which possesses her and must gather an equipoise that will carry her through her duties with a tranquil serenity that is the opposite of all this feverish unrest.

Some time ago I was upon a street car that ran off the track. There seemed to be some difficulty in getting it back, and most of the passengers got outside to watch the operation.

Presently some one said: "I'll not wait any longer; I can beat that car home anyway," and away he went as fast as his long legs could carry him. His example was infectious, and one after the other followed on until but two or three besides myself remained to resume our seats and move forward in the car. We pussed almost every one of those pedestrians, even to the first who had such powers of locomotion, but they had all been moving instead of waiting, and so I suppose were happier. And the majority of these restless spirits were women, though it was a man who set the example of walking instead of awaiting the few moments before the car moved.

I tell you that we, every one of us, need to hold on to ourselves, to stop this constant rush from one thing to another, without one moment of mental repose. I say "mental," because often, while the body is apparently held at rest, thought is running wildly from one thing to another that is to be done in the immediate future, and so we are as far as ever from holding ourselves in that position of equipoise that is necessary to the highest accomplishment in either home duties or outside undertakings. We cannot be strength to others when we let ourselves get worn and weary; and we limit our own possibilities in all directions by living in a perpetual hurry. And it is just as true of the one sex as the other.

WITH all of this hurry and worry, however, which produces such limitations, women are moving forward to more and better accomplishment. I chanced across the account of the work of two the other day, that thrilled me with a sense of the power that can be exerted when hearts are nerved and brains directed by a steady purpose. These two were in no way connected, either in thought or undertaking, further than that both had the good of humanity as the ultimate of their efforts.

One of these women was Mrs. Booth, the mother of the Salvation Army, as she is called. In 1865 she, with her husband, established that vast organization, upon which, it is literally true that the sun never sets, for it encircles the world. I know that we, here in the United States, are apt to regard the work of the Army with a smile of contempt; and yet it reaches a class that the churches cannot, or do not touch. In England it is held in far greater respect, and the good accomplished recognized everywhere.

Mrs. Booth was full of the enthusiasm that always carries, and this was accompanied with a rare strength of character and a clear brain. She it was who inspired her children, girls as well as boys, to go forth among the poor and vicious and fallen, and try to lift them up by showing them that God's light was shining and His love was waiting for them, as for all others of the world's children. She, too, was one of the first to assert woman's right to preach, herself setting the example, but, curiously enough, she shrank at first from allowing her daughters to do as she was doing. The first one, called La Marichale, developed as a preacher at the age of 15. The mother who, as she quaintly expressed it, "was not yet emancipated from her old Ideas of propriety" and preferred "their working for God in more quiet and congenial methods," was "helped to pull herself up" by the words of her eldest son, who told her, "Mother, you will have to settle this question with God, for she is as nearly called and inspired by Him for this particular work as yourself."

Mrs. Booth, at the time when she was called to lay down her work, had seven sons and daughters in different positions in the Salvation Army, and to each and all she was a tower of strength and source of inspiration.

The other woman is an English girl of wealth and position, brilliant and beautiful, and a queen, when she chooses, in social circles. There was more in life for her than that, she felt, and she became a devoted pupil of Herbert Spencer, studying his theories and imbibing his doctrines. The inevitable result was a determination to help her fellow-creatures, and she undertook a feat as startling as that of Nelly Bly's stay in the Insane Asylum. It was not to win notoriety, however, that this girl dressed herself in the rags worn by the women who worked in the sweaters' shops, obtained a situation, and for two months worked side by side with these white slaves of the needle, Katherine Pearson Woods has told us something of the horrors of the system in this country, and Miss Potter proved them in London. Without suspicion upon the part of employer or employed, she informed herself of all the miseries endured by the victims of this tyranny, and then, going back into her own life, told her story everywhere, through the newspapers, and in all places where she could win a hearing, and appealed for legislative interference. The result is that Parliament is now considering ways and means of righting this great wrong, while Miss Potter still goes on with her efforts to help the pauper poor of London.

I WONDER how many will read the following poem, published some time ago in *Good Housekeeping*, with the same pleasure that I did, and with the same regret, too—pleasure at the vivid picture it presents of the joy of youth in the beautiful things of the world—regret that maturer years should bring such a sense of failure, such a taste of ashes. It is our own fault that this is so. Yes, I am certain of it. The burdens and griefs of childhood are just as hard to bear as those of maturer years, only hope and trust in better things wipe them soon away. This same hope, this same trust carried forward would hold us where the skies would be as blue, the birds sing as sweetly, the stars shine as brightly, and all things be as beautiful as they were of yore when we looked out of child's eyes into the future. And why should they not? We are but children of a larger growth, abiding for a season among material things to get their teachings, before passing into a broader, and if we so choose, a better life:

Blithe were the hours, gay were the flowers,
Pleasant the showers, when we were young;
How sweet the hay then! how hard the play then!
How the birds sung! when we were young.

O, how the bobolinks merrily whistled,
Pitting and lilting down in the rye!
We said, with such singing, 'tis good news your bringing
To your little brown mates on their nests near by.

Bright were the hollyhocks, poppies, and lark-spurs,
Gorgeous the daffodils, yellow as gold;
Bachelors' buttons, with sweet-scented clover,
And queer little bags of house-leek so old.

The burrs! you remember our joys when they blossomed!
What baskets we made!! what wreaths, stars, and chairs!
But, my stars, it was strange that, somehow or other,
They always would manage to tangle our hairs.

And the brook that ran down at the foot of the meadow—
We called it a river, when we were young;
How it danced over pebbles to rest in the shadow,
Then swiftly again to the sunlight it sprung!

The castles we builded! too quickly they crumbled;
The fleets that we floated! all wrecked on the shore;
But little recked we, we had plenty of time then—
Long, long sunny hours in which to build more.

Ah! the day-dreams we dreamed in the great drooping willow,
Of a life full and strong as the swift-running stream—
Of a life full of love, and gladness and glory,
Could such passionate longings be naught but a dream?

Our river's still running with bubbling laughter,
The bobolinks still carol musical lays,
The flowers still bloom with the same sweet perfume,
But where is the joy we felt in those days?

Alas! we are older, we will not say colder,
The gala days few now, the dark days among;
But our dark days are brighter, our hearts they are lighter,
For those days full of sunshine, when we were young.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Blade Reading Courses.

The first course of reading given for this week will be concerning an epoch of history, which has been of vital importance to Europe. It is of the Franco-Prussian War:

1.—"The Reconstruction of Europe," by Harold Murdock, with an introduction by John Fiske.....$2 00
2.—"My Experiences of the War between France and Germany," by Archibald Forbes.....$1 25
3.—"Aulnay Tower," by Blanche Willis Howard.....$1 50

The latter is a novel, the action of which is placed at that time.

Perhaps there are some who will like to take up their own country and learn something of its past and present. Of course this can not be compressed within a small compass if many works are to be read. Those who would like to follow one work through, and spend the winter in so doing, will find Bryant's "History of the United States," most fascinating reading. It is in four volumes, well illustrated, and brings events down to 1876. The only trouble is the expense of it, which is about $20, but where there is a public library that is not so much matter, or if the circle are willing to buy it as the nucleus of a library where there is none.

A pleasant variation where a circle takes this history is the reading of poems or short stories illustrative of certain events, as for instance Longfellow's "Ride of Paul Revere," passages from his "Miles Standish," "Sheridan's Ride," etc.

Next week a more extended course will be given by epochs.

Suggestions About a Bedroom.

A correspondent writes to know how to arrange a bedroom in the latest style and yet inexpensively.

Cover the floor with a pretty art square, as they are called. They are really ingrain rugs, and come in very pretty patterns that can be bought all the way from $6 to $12. Either paint the floor outside of the rug or cover it with matting.

A pretty painted set of furniture to correspond with the coloring of the walls and carpet, which should all harmonize, may be purchased very reasonably. Or you may get odd pieces, one of the painted iron bedsteads; an odd-shaped bureau; a rocking chair cushioned to match the general coloring, and so on.

Sheets are hemstitched, and an initial or monogram embroidered in white upon one corner. A round bolster is now stylish, the pillows being stowed away in the closet during the day time. The counterpane is drawn up over the bolster, or the latter is covered by a long scarf separately. Of course the covering of bed and bolster may be as handsome as one chooses to make it.

The curtains to the window may be of the pretty sprigged muslin which comes for such a purpose, or Madras, Indian muslin or things of that kind. Put them on poles, these being passed through a wide hem at the top. Tie the curtains back with broad ribbon. Of course the bureau cover, pin cushion, etc., must be made to correspond in coloring with the room. We have before given suggestions about these articles.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

TABLE NAPKINS.—A pretty present for a housekeeper is a set of napkins which come for various purposes. These are for the bread, for corn, hot biscuit, eggs, and fish, each etched with lettering telling of its purpose. Get colors for the work that will stand washing. Then add to these a set of tray covers embroidered to match and you will have a gift for a friend that cannot fail to please her.

Pretty doylies are made of linen, stamped leaf-shaped and worked in long button-hole stitch around the edges and then veined from a center knot stitch. All of these things make a table look dainty and attractive.

JEWEL CASE.—Have five pieces of glass cut to form the bottom and sides of the case. If you can paint put some simple pattern upon the sides; if not let them go without. Bind each piece around with narrow ribbon, using colorless glue for the purpose. When they are thoroughly dry over-hand them together forming the box. Have some delicate but bright colored China silk to cover a pad that will just lay in the bottom of the box. Have it scented nicely. This is pretty, tied with a different color baby ribbon in knots at four tufts. Have a ribbon of about an inch and a quarter wide, and letter upon it with gilt a few words, either the name or "A Merry Christmas" or "Many Good Wishes," anything you fancy. Sew it to one corner, then put it diagonally across to another and fasten. Put full bows over each fastening.

A VERY PRETTY WINDOW DECORATION that is described in "Fancy Work and House Decoration," (No. 3)—which, by the way, you can get by sending 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.,—is the following: Get a sponge, trim it off so that it it is nearly round, pass strings through it—cords or narrow ribbon—and suspend it in the window. Moisten it just enough so that it will not drip, and sprinkle flax seed all over it. Keep it damp, and presently the seeds will sprout, and you have a beautiful floral ball. This is to answer Mrs. B., Pittsburg.

PRETTY DINNER TABLE FOR EVERY DAY.—Cover the top with marble oil cloth, tacking just over the edge, then tack oil cloth shelf border all around it. This saves washing table cloths and is always clean and neat, saving much work where there are small children.

TABLE MATS.—Pretty and serviceable table mats to put under hot dishes are made of the tops of old felt boots—one boot makes two mats. I cut them oval shape as large as one side of the boot leg will make, then lay on a board and wash both sides thoroughly with soap and scrubbing brush; then overcast or button-hole stitch around the edge with bright yarn, and make a small loop to hang up by.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; n 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; t c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

FANCY MITTENS—(for "Maud Dawson")—1 ounce knitting silk No. 300; and 4 No. 19 knitting needles. Cast on 90 stitches—k 1, round plain; 2d round—n—n—n—t t o—k 1—t t o—k 1—t t o—k 2—t t o—k 1—t t o—k 1—t t o—n—n—n—repeat clear round; 3d and 4th rows plain. This completes 1 pattern; k 14 patterns; then 23 rounds of ribbed—that is, k 3 and p 2 sts; next 3 rounds—k plain, except 2 of the fancy stripes commenced in wrist are to be resumed and continued through length of hand to where narrowing is begun to finish the same. In next round increasing for thumb is commenced, thus—3 sts for base of thumb—p first each side of 3 in next round, and in every 4th round thereafter make 2 sts for increase of thumb, at same time continue the 2 purled sts that outline the thumb until you have 29 sts in the thumb exclusive of purled sts. You must leave space enough between thumb and fancy stripes so they will be as near the back of hand as possible. When you have 29 sts, k 3 rounds plain, except fancy back. At end of 3d round, cast on 4 sts. Now slip the 29 thumb sts on a piece of twine, tie, and, with remaining sts, continue hand. Narrow 1 in each round where the 4 sts were cast on for 4 rounds. When long enough to narrow off, begin at corner, after knitting fancy—k 7—n 6 times; rest of this round plain. 2d round plain. 3d round—k 7—n clear round—k 7 rounds plain. 4th round—k 6—n clear round—k 6 rounds plain. 18th round—k 5—n clear round—k 5 rounds plain. 24th round—k 4—n clear round—k 4 rounds plain, then narrow once on each needle every round until 4 stitches are left on a needle, then 2 on each needle, then cast off.

To finish thumb put the 29 st on 3 needles and pick up 4 st on base of gore formed by casting on the 4 extra st—k once around—narrow once in each of next 4 rounds, where gore is—k 50 rounds plain—finish by narrowing once on each needle every round till done.

If this pattern makes the mittens too large or too small you can put on more or less stitches, or if saxony is used it will be necessary to use your own judgment as to the number of stitches. It is a very pretty pattern.—A. E.

Correspondence.

HAVE MARRIED WOMEN A RIGHT TO EARN MONEY?

"I am only you!
I am yours, part of you, your wife!
And I have no other life.
I cannot think, cannot do;
I cannot breathe, cannot see;
There is 'us' but there is not 'me.'"

Have married women a right to earn money? Such a question seems preposterous in this progressive age of individual liberty and equality. It is strange how some people enjoy searching their Bibles for some expression that will justify the old theory of the oak and vine, and other trite foolishness that has unfolded and gone to seed by the law of eternal evolution. Christ exalted woman as she had never before been exalted. He left no precept that is inconsistent with the Golden Rule.

It is high time that woman quit posing for kittenish lives. As the mother cat gives a cuff instead of caress after weaning time, having taught her kitten to earn its own living, in like manner after the flower of sweet youth leaves a woman's countenance is she cuffed by the ruffled waves of circumstance and must look for resources within herself for happiness.

It is folly to cling to the oak and vine theory while it is proven every day that in strength of purpose, in morals and intelligence the sexes are about equal where equal opportunities are offered for development, but if the oak reaches up to the broad sunlight and shades the vine, the vine becomes weakly and stinted in growth.

There is no other resource that gives as much personal independence as that of money. Say what you will the wife who poses for femininity, one who prefers being coddled and petted to that of being an equal partner in her husband's interests, has not the free contentment of one who has the independence of individual effort.

It is often impossible for a woman to earn money even though she may possess the desire to do so. No true woman will neglect her sacred duties even for her own happiness. She may have no desire or skill in that way, or she may have an income that makes her already independent, but the idea that it is inconsistent with womanliness, for a married woman to earn money is absurd.

When girls grow up with a feeling of independence springing from their capability of earning money, there will be less marrying for homes. They can be free to make love the issue in marriage, and man will feel that he has a help-mate. If he should fail in business, with hungry mouths to feed, he would have the comforting assurance that his wife and daughters can, willingly and lovingly assist in the struggle, and how they can cheer each other until at last the difficulty is bridged. Circumstances like these would lessen the number of suicides.

Men, like women, have their secret altars where they lay their most innermost thoughts and cravings where no human eye may read or know. The nearer their lives approach each other, the greater the sympathy and the fewer the heart burnings offered at the temple of secrecy.

Woman may much more be the queen of the heart and home, and above all, be the queen of her own heart. The most exalted sentiment springs from the heart that breathes the air of independence. Love comes fresh and strong, without the tinge of pain accompanied with a feeling of weakness and dependence.

It is said that once upon a time a man who lived in a swamp daily prayed to Jupiter for health. "Pray from the hill tops and your prayer will be answered," said Jupiter. I say to my fellow sisters, get out of old conditions and sentimental gush, give freedom for the flowers of the soul to blossom and bear fruit, and you may pray from the hill tops and thereby gain health of the heart, the mind and the body.—C. C.

HOW SHALL WE TREAT OUR HUSBANDS?—I have just finished reading a few lines on "How to Make a Good Wife Unhappy," and I think it excellent. To accomplish this you must: first, see your wife as seldom as possible. If, after a day's or week's absence, she meets you with a smile, be sure to act coldly towards her, or, better still, totally ignore her presence. If she is cheerful be sure to be sullen, and if she is out of heart and feels badly be sure and appear indifferent. If she complains of anything, say, "I wish I had a wife that wasn't always grumbling and was ever satisfied," or "Mr. Smith is so happy with his wife, she never grumbles." That is about the sum of the piece I read. Good, isn't it?

Well, now, my dear wives, let me suggest a few things for such husbands. Be sure they are that kind, though, before commencing. If you have been separated from him when you meet him, try the smiling process once or twice. Don't try it three times, that is if he does as the one did in first piece I just quoted. The third time when he returns, raise your eyebrows a little and say, "Good evening," or morning, as it happens to be. Pick up a paper or some work, and be very busy. As a rule he will be very communicative in a short time. Then don't run over and sit down by him and disgust him, but stay your distance. Say, "is that so?" or "Well!" to anything he is telling you.

Above all things, don't dare to shed a tear in his presence, (not because of his treatment, at least.) When you want to cry, just hum a song, not a heartstirring religious song, but a comic or politic song; or, better still, just whistle a little.

Be always very polite. Don't stoop to being rude. Be very attractive, especially in company. Don't fret, worry, or scold, but just be very indifferent. In other words, as Ouida says: "Be ice to their ice." Now this must be whispered. Don't let them know all this is acted. Let them think it is your real state of feelings, or the effect is spoiled. You can't move a man by acting that part.—DELIA.

A WARNING.—I have been reading a number of pieces about California, and as I am living in said state, would say to the Eastern people: stay away from here. Unless you have plenty of money to live on, then you can enjoy life here; if you have to work for a living don't come to California. It is true we have the most beautiful flowers and delicious fruit, but we pay most as much here for the latter as you do East for it.

I am living in the San Joaquin valley, where the mercury raises up above 115 in the summer. The winters are cool and very pleasant. I lived on the coast last winter, twelve miles from the beautiful city of San Jose, where it rained 99 days out of 100. It was impossible for the poor to get work, and the poor people of San Francisco marched the streets begging for work.

The land in this state is all taken up and the holders keep it until some Eastern person comes out; then they sell it for double its value.

There is a colony of Eastern people coming out soon. Some real estate men have an agent back there to form the colony, but the poor people will get fooled. This state is not any healthier than any other place.—ONE OF THE SISTERS.

SHE RESENTS IT.—Is it possible that we have men in this age that think as "Bachelor Bumblebee" writes? Oh! how it makes my blood boil to read his letter. I sincerely pity his mother if she is alive. So the women are "becoming too unmanageable and slipping out of their places." What is a woman's place? To be a loving, helpful companion for a good man, or be a slave to men that are worse than brutes? The Bible says that we are neither male or female, but all one in Christ Jesus. I wonder if "Bachelor Bumblebee" has a soul? It certainly must be infinitesimally small. His talk about a uniform, etc., is too silly to waste paper upon. "B. B." which is the easiest? To grub for ourselves, as you say, or toil all our lives for some selfish brute of a man and a family of children? I think you not only insulted all womankind in that letter of yours, but your Maker as well. Besides being a disgrace to all men that are men.—MRS. ORPHA E. RAY.

ABOUT TEACHERS.—I have been reading with great interest the articles on married women working; so when one said that girls taught school for pin money, I could keep silence no longer. Girls teach school for pin money! Bah! It is too hard work. How many of the girls help support widowed mothers? How many help to give the other children a raise? I know how young girls struggle and worry to become professional teachers. Why don't they work at something else with equally good pay? Young girls who teach are always ambitious persons, anxious for higher things.

I am acquainted with married teachers having taught in the same buildings. How is it when a teacher commands and all must obey, but her own? You say a true teacher will not do that. Yes, but teachers whom I know do just that thing, unconsciously, and are just and upright women. I know the children of several married teachers here who do things which would not be tolerated by other children. How children's hearts are bruised! Do not just such unjust things stand out in the memory of our childhood? So I think let the teacher be impartial; young teachers, who can remember their own childhood, and be a child with the children.—MARGARET.

Inquiries.

Will some one give directions for making some pretty floral design, to be used for center piece on table, at a dinner party?—H. H. H.

I have a quantity of old Sunday school papers which I will gladly send to any one who will pay the postage.—Mrs. C.E. REYNOLDS, Elyria, O.

Will some one tell me what color would be most appropriate for a Christmas wedding dress? Also which would be the best trimming, lace or braid?—NELLIE F.

Will some one tell me how to take axle grease out of wool goods? I have tried turpentine but it leaves a stain.—AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Would you kindly let us hear more about cheap homes, from "Magnolia," and where could we get from 40 to 50 cents for our butter? I think I could supply "Magnolia" with back numbers of THE BLADE of 1889.—S. F.

Will some one send a recipe for making head cheese?—MRS. D. L. BAKER.

Will some one tell how to kalsomine with color? The walls have been whitewashed.—XX.

Will some one give directions through the columns of this paper for making gentlemen's slippers, either crocheted or otherwise? Also a slipper case.—ESTELLE.

Will some one tell me what to do for the lice and worms in my plants? They are destroying mine. Please answer soon.—NEBRASKA SUE.

Answers to Inquiries.

Please tell Ada Ray that good trained nurses get from $15 to $20 per week, and that, if she has a liking for the work, she could not do better than to take a course in some school for training nurses. Such a course can be taken at little or no expense, and if she will write to "Training School for Nurses," at Chicago, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, or in fact almost any large city, she will receive full instructions as to what is necessary.—MRS. C. H. C.

I have a few Sunday school papers that I will send to anyone wishing them for a school, that is unable to purchase.—POSTMASTER, Cadillac, Cal.

For some time I have been thinking and wishing to do something towards earning my support. A short time since, a friend, who is an editor in the city, offered me a place in his office, where at the end of six months, I would understand type setting well enough to be able to earn my board and at the end of the year keep myself. The time I spend in the office, or in the six months, he will pay me $25. Now, can some of the sisters tell me what to do? I live in Ohio. The offer comes from New York city. I would be at the expense of going, and my living for six months. Could I do anything to earn my board in that time? I know the advice is always to girls not to go to the city, but the precaution I would take before venturing upon this work would justify me in taking this step if it were advisable. I will await anxiously the counsel of the HOUSEHOLD.—AN OHIO WHITE RIBBON GIRL.

While you are waiting for an answer from some member of the HOUSEHOLD the editor wants to suggest one or two things. In the first place type setting will require all of your strength and energy, leaving none to give to another occupation. It is different from a purely mental operation, like studying, where girls earn their board by housework they can do nights and mornings.

It would be much better if your employer would pay you enough from the start to board yourself in a plain way. Ask him to do so, and then let you pay him back the surplus by degrees when you are getting good wages. You can enter into a written agreement to do this. Unless you have some money, or are going to friends who will look after you, it would not be wise to go to a great city like New York, trusting to good fortune to befriend you. You should be able to earn a good return for your work in six months.

Ada Wright:—Your inquiry involves the publishing of your address, which we cannot do. Send to the Woman's Temperance Publishing House, La Salle street, Chicago, and get a book containing such pieces. You can buy one at low cost.

C. V. H.:—You do not say whether you want to personate an Italian peasant woman or not, but probably you do, as the Italian ladies dress about the same as the society people of France, England or Germany. A peasant girl wears a short dress, peasant waist, that is a full waist and girdle, and a gay kerchief wound about her head. Slippers and long stockings of some solid color complete the costume.—ED.

"Ignorance:"—If by fruit doylies you mean the small embroidered ones, they are simply used under the fruit dishes, as for decoration. Other doylies are placed under finger bowls, and under small dishes of any kind that are upon the center of the table. They are for ornament only, and never to wipe the fingers upon.—Ed.

Recipes.

ABOUT PUMPKINS.—Here are some recipes taken from last year's BLADE, sent in answer to Mrs. S. F. Pinnell. I tried both and found them so good that I shall hereafter prepare my pumpkin in that way. I had pies until pumpkins came again.—MRS. ELLA MCKAY.

TO KEEP PUMPKINS.—As we are all old-fashioned enough to like pumpkin pies, I will tell THE BLADE readers how to keep it all winter. I put my pumpkin in the kettle and stew it, and when it has cooked pretty well, I sweeten it about as much as I think will make it right for pies. It is a little nicer sweetened with sorghum, but when I haven't it I use brown sugar. Then put it in the dripping pans and put in the oven, stirring it every little while so that it will not burn. I dry it down quite thick, and when it is dry put it in jars and pack it down good and smooth. When you have your jar as full as you wish it, pour a little sorghum over the top of the pumpkin, enough to cover it well. This will keep it from moulding; then set it in a cool place. When you wish to make pies, take the pumpkin the night before you wish to use it, and put it in sweet milk. In the morning it will all be soft and nice, ready for pies. Make the pies the same as you would any pumpkin pie.—MRS. KITTIE HOWELL.

Many thanks to our correspondent for sending the above.—ED.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—Boil and mash 3 large potatoes. Stir in ½ lb. of butter, ¾ of a pound of sugar, 6 eggs, well beaten, and 1 grated cocoanut. Bake in puff paste.

MUSTARD RELISH.—(An answer.)—One full tablespoonful of mustard; 1 of flour; 2 of sugar; piece of butter size of small hickory nut; 1 small teaspoonful salt; 1 pint strong vinegar; add to the ingredients enough of the vinegar to mix smoothly, then add the remainder and place on the stove, stirring until it comes to a boil. This makes a relish fit for a Queen.—H. B. H.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.—Soak a half of a good-sized loaf of old bread in a pint of new milk until soft enough to mash with a spoon; mix together well 8 eggs; 1 lb of coffee sugar; 1 lb of beef suet, chopped fine; 1 lb raisins, stoned and chopped; 1 lb of currants; ½ lb of citron; ½ of a nutmeg; 1 teaspoonful powdered allspice; ½ teaspoonful cloves; and enough flour—probably about a pint sifted in gradually—to hold it together. Boil in a cloth or mould, or steam 8 hours, being sure not to let the water boil away. Use any good liquid sauce with this pudding. One with a little lemon in it will be nice.

PUMPKIN PIES.—Take 1 qt. of well-cooked pumpkin, 1 pt. of rich sweet milk, 3 eggs, 1 cupful sugar, and ½ tablespoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, spice and ginger. Mix well and bake with one crust. This makes four pies.—EMMA.

THE SHINING NAIL.

It is an Abomination to the High-Toned Society Folks.

The nails of a fashionable woman are often—to put it strongly—a positive abomination. They are vulgar, just as everything that is overdone and pronounced as vulgar. And they are altogether "agin natur," quite as much as if they were stained with henna like those of her East Indian sister.

To conform to nature, the nail should be trimmed round to follow the line of the finger tip instead of being slanted up in a long, sharp point, which is supposed to add a tapering look to the finger, but which really suggests the claws of a bird. And then they are polished too highly.

To a fastidious mind the overwrought glistening of the nail is as offensive—because it is as unnatural—as the painted cheek or the darkened eyes. Artifice in the finger-tips is no less vulgar than artifice in the face. And it is not beautiful. Nature is an artist who does not make mistakes. If the beauty of the nail were really enhanced by laying a hard glistening polish upon it, she would have known how to do so.

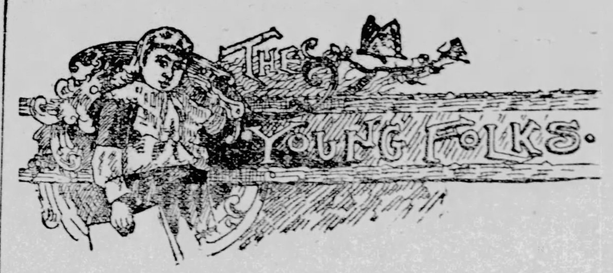
African Pipes.

Mr. Stanley's expedition has brought to light some curious specimens of pipes from equatorial Africa. Surgeon Parke has made careful drawings of them. The simplest specimen of a rough and ready pipe is that used by the natives of the Aruwimi and Ituri forests. Its stem is a perforated banana stock. The bowl is a banana leaf rolled up into a funnel, like a grocer's paper, and inserted into a hole cut into the stem.

—From the *Herald of Faith*, St. Louis, Missouri, August 10, 1887:

Referring to Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria, the business manager of the *Herald of Faith* would say, that he gave this medicine a personal trial, and was speedily cured of an unpleasant Intermittent Fever. He then recommended it to F. J. Tiefenbrunn, 1915 Papin street, and to police officer Meidenger, at the Union Depot, both of whom were cured by it of chills and fever of several years' standing.

Recently his wife, after a fever of several days' duration, took a single dose and was perfectly cured. In view of these remarkable cures, and remembering how much money is spent for quinine, so little to be depended upon, and often so injurious, we can only wish that Shallenberger's Antidote would come into general use.



OUR TEMPERANCE LEGION.

Last week the number of these brave soldier boys and girls reached thirty thousand! Only think of it! Thirty thousand pledged to temperance; to work in the path of sobriety; to possess themselves instead of allowing themselves to be possessed by the demon of strong drink! Thirty thousand soon to be men and women who will go forth into social and business circles to exert an influence for good! Do you know—can you realize—what this means?

But the work is not all done yet. There are many more boys and girls whose names should be enrolled in the Legion, and those who are already members must try to show them the good way. Do not cease your efforts. Parents and teachers should second them, that the names may roll up into the hundreds of thousands. Work! Work!

Mattie's Wants and Wishes.

I wants a piece of cal'co
To make my doll a dess;
I doesn't want a big piece;
A yard'll do I guess.
I wish you'd fred my needle,
And find my thimble, too—
I has such heaps o' sewin'
I don't know what to do.

My Hepsy tored her apron
A tum'lin down the stair,
And Cesar's lost his pantnoons,
And needs another pair.
I wants my Maud a bonnet;
She hasn't none at all;
And Fred must have a jacket;
His ozzer one's too small.

I wants to go to grandma's;
You promised me I might.
I know she'd like to see me;
I wants to go to-night.
She lets me wipe the dishes,
And see in grandpa's watch—
I wish I'd free, four pennies
To buy some butter-scotch.

I wants some newer mittens—
I wish you'd knit me some,
'Cause most my finger freezes,
They *leaks* so in the fum.
I word 'em out last summer,
A pullin' George's sled;
I wish you wouldn't laugh so—
It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cookie;
I'm hungry's I can be.
If you hasn't pretty large ones,
You'd better bring me free.
I wish I had a p'ano—
Won't you buy me one to keep?
O, dear! I feels so tired,
I wants to go to sleep.

—[Grace Gordon.

WHAT POLLY DID.

How She Saved More Than One Hundred Lives.

POLLY GARDNER had been spending her vacation with Aunt Mary, in the country. She would have been "perfectly happy," but that her father and mother were obliged to remain in the city. It was five weeks since she had seen them, and it seemed to Polly like five months.

One lovely afternoon Polly sat on the horse-block, idly kicking one foot backward and forward, watching Aunt Mary as she drove off to visit a sick neighbor.

Just as Aunt Mary was hidden from sight by a bend in the road she heard the crunching of wheels in the opposite direction, and, on looking up, found it was the grocer and postman of Willow Grove. He checked his horse at the gate, and, fumbling slowly in his coat, drew out a white envelope, and read in a loud voice.

"Miss Polly Gardner, in care of Mrs. Mary West, Willow Grove. In haste." Then he peeped over his glasses severely at Polly, and asked sharply: "Who's Miss Polly Gardner? Do you know, little girl?"

"O, that's *me!*" cried Polly, jumping from the horse-block. "and Mrs. Mary West is aunty. Please give me my letter. It's from mamma. I am so glad!"

"Can you read?"

"Yes, of course," said Polly indignantly. "I'm nine next week."

This was the letter:

DEAREST POLLY.—Papa finds he can leave his business for a short time, so we have concluded to spend the remainder of your vacation with you and Aunt Mary. We shall take the train that reaches Willow Grove at 4:20 p. m. on the 28th. Tell Aunt Mary to meet us at that time.

Love to all, and a thousand kisses from

MAMMA AND PAPA.

As Aunt Mary would not return before 5 o'clock, Polly determined to walk down to the railroad station and meet her father and mother alone. She had often been there with Aunt Mary to watch the trains come and go. It was a small station, and very few people stopped there.

Just before reaching the station the railroad crossed a draw-bridge. Polly liked to watch the man open and shut the draw as the boats in the river passed through. There was a foot-path over this bridge, and Polly had once crossed it with Aunt Mary. They had stopped to speak to the flagman, who was pleasant and good-natured. He told Polly where she could find some beautiful white lilies in a pond not far away. That was more than a week ago and the flowers were not then open, and now, as Polly ran down the road, she thought she would have time to gather some for her parents before the train arrived.

When Polly reached the station she found no one there, and on looking at the clock found that it was only ten minutes past four, so she had twenty minutes to wait. Then she ran on quickly.

The flagman stood by the draw, and Polly saw, some distance down the river, a small vessel coming toward the bridge. She ran along rapidly, and as she passed the flagman he called out:

"Going for the lilies? The pond was all white with them when I went by this morning."

"Yes, sir; I want to pick some for mamma and papa. They wrote me a letter, and said they were coming in the next train."

"You don't say so! Well, I guess you're glad. Look out for the locomotive, and don't take so long picking your flowers, and you'll have plenty of time to get back before the train comes in."

She thanked him and ran on. In about five minutes she reached the pond. How lovely the lilies looked, with their snowy cups resting upon the dark water! But their stems were long and tough, and most of them grew far beyond her reach. She contrived to secure four. Polly was sorry to leave so many behind, but was afraid if she lingered too long she would miss the train. So, gathering up the blossoms, she pinned them into her belt and scampered back toward the bridge.

The boat had just sailed through the draw, and the man stood ready to close the bridge when Polly came up. He looked over at her from the center of the bridge, and called out with a smile:

"Couldn't you get any more flowers than those? If I had time to go to the pond you should have as many as you could carry."

Polly smiled back at him, and then began to watch him as he made ready to turn the great bridge back into place for the train to pass over. His hand was already on the crank, when a rope dangling over the railing of the bridge attracted his attention. As he tried to pull it in it seemed to be caught underneath. Polly watched him lean over to get a better hold, when, to her horror, the piece of railing to which he held gave way.

There was a sudden scream and a great splash in the water. But before the waves of the swiftly flowing river closed over him Polly heard the cry:

"The train—the flag!"

Poor little Polly! She was so alarmed for the poor man's safety that for some moments she could think of nothing else, and ran backward and forward wringing her hands in despair. As he arose to the surface she saw that he made frantic gestures to her, and pointed up the road from which the train was to come. He seemed to be able to keep himself above water with very little effort, and Polly saw with joy that the accident had been observed by the crew of the vessel. The man in the water struck out toward the boat, and Polly could hear shouts and cheers from the men on board.

All at once she was startled by the far-off whistle of the approaching locomotive. In a moment she understood the meaning of the flagman's gestures. She looked at the open space and then at the bridge. In five minutes or less the train would come dashing into that terrible chasm. Polly's hair almost rose on her head with horror. It was as much as she could do to keep her senses.

There must be some way to avert the awful calamity. She ran swiftly along toward the rapidly approaching train. Lying on the ground, just by the small wooden house where the flagman usually sat, Polly saw a red flag. She remembered having heard that this flag was used in case of danger, or when there was any reason for stopping the cars. She did not know whether there was yet time, but she seized the flag, and flew wildly up the track.

"O, my papa! O, my mamma!" she cried; "they will fall into the river and be drowned! What shall I do?" and Polly waved the flag backward and forware as she ran.

Then came the train around the curve. She could see the white steam puffing from the pipe, and could hear the pantings of the engine.

"I know they'll run over me, but if mamma and papa are killed I don't care to live," she said to herself as she approached the great, black, noisy engine.

When it was about three hundred feet away from her she saw a head thrust out of the little window by the locomotive, and then, with a great puffing, snorting and whistling, it began to move slower, until at last, when it was almost upon Polly, it stopped entirely.

All the windows were alive with heads and hands. The passengers screamed and waved her off the track. She stepped off and ran close up to the side of the engine, and gasped out: "The bridge is open, and the man has fallen into the river. Please stop the train, or you'll be drowned."

The engineer stared in amazement, as well he might, to see a small girl with a flushed face, hair blown wildly about and four lilies pinned in her belt, waving the red flag as though she had been used to flagging trains all her life.

At that moment another remarkable figure presented itself to the astonished eyes of the passengers. A man, dripping wet, bruised and scratched, as though he had been drawn through briars, came tearing toward the cars, stumbling and almost falling at every step. As he reached little Polly, he snatched her up and covered her face with kisses. "You little darling," he cried, "do you know what you've done? You've saved the lives of more than a hundred people."

Polly, nervous and excited, began to cry. One after another the passengers came hurrying out of the cars, and crowded around her, praising and kissing her, until she was quite ashamed, and hid her head on the kind flagman's shoulder, whispering: "Please take me away to find mamma and papa."

Almost the last to alight were Polly's parents. "Why, it's our Polly!" they both exclaimed at once.

The draw was now closed again, and the conductor cried: "All aboard." The passengers scrambled back to their seats again. Polly's

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE'S FURTHER JOURNEY.

Where Saul and the Savior Met—Street Scenes in Damascus—Something About the Mohammedan Inhabitants.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 7.—The New York Academy of Music was filled with an audience of nearly 6,000 persons, at the service this evening, when Dr. Talmage delivered the eleventh sermon of his series on Palestine and the adjoining countries. The same sermon, as on previous Sundays, had been preached in the morning to another large audience in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The subject was Damascus, and the text, "As he journeyed he came near Damascus." Acts ix. 3. Dr. Talmage said:

In Palestine we spent last night in a mud hovel of one story, with camels and sheep in the basement. Yet never did the most brilliant hotel on any continent seem so attractive to me as that structure. If we had been obliged to stay in a tent, as we have expected to do that night, we must have perished. A violent storm had opened upon us its volleys of hail, and snow, and rain, and wind, as if to let us know what the Bible means when prophet, and evangelist, and Christ himself spoke of the fury of the elements. The atmospheric wrath broke upon us about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and we were until night exposed to it. Our first duty on arrival, was the resuscitation of the exhausted of our party. My room was without a window, and an iron stove without any top, in the center of the room, the smoke selecting my eyes in the absence of a chimney. Through an opening in the floor, Arab faces were several times thrust up to see how I was progressing. But the tempest ceased during the night and before it was fully day we were feeling for the stirrups of our saddled horses, this being the day whose long march will bring us to that city, whose name cannot be pronounced in the hearing of the intelligent or of the Christian without making the blood to tingle and the nerves to thrill, and putting the best emotions of the soul into agitation—Damascus!

During the day we passed Cæsarea Philippi, the northern terminus of Christ's journeying. North of that he never went. We lunched at noon, seated on one of the fallen columns of one of Herod's palaces.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, coming to a hill-top, we saw on the broad plain a city, which the most famous camel-driver of all time, afterward called Mohammed, the prophet and the founder of the most stupendous system of error that has ever cursed the earth, refused to enter because he said God would allow man to enter but one paradise and he would not enter this earthly paradise lest he should be denied entrance to the heavenly. But no city that I ever saw so plays hide and seek with the traveler. The air is so clear the distant objects seem close by. You come on the top of a hill and Damascus seems only a little way off. But down you go into a valley and you see nothing for the next half hour but barrenness and rocks regurgitated by the volcanoes of other ages. Up another hill and down again. But after your patience is almost exhausted you reach the last hill-top and the city of Damascus, the oldest city under the whole heavens, and built by Noah's grandson, grows upon your vision. Every mile of the journey now becomes more solemn and suggestive and tremendous.

This is the very road, for it has been the only road for thousands of years, the road from Jerusalem to Damascus, along which a cavalcade of mounted officers went about 1,840 years ago, in the midst of them a fierce little man who made up by magnitude of hatred for Christianity for his diminutive stature, and was the leading spirit, and, though suffering from chronic inflammation of the eyes, from those eyes flashed more indignation against Christ's followers than any one of the horsed processions. This little man, before his name was changed to Paul, was called Saul.

Well, that galloping group of horsemen on the road to Damascus were hatched quicker than bombshell or cavalry charge ever halted a regiment. The Syrian noonday, because of the clarity of the atmosphere is the brightest of all noondays and the noonday sun in Syria is positively terrific for brilliance. Then suddenly that noon there shone from the heavens a light which made that Syrian sun seem tame as a star in comparison. It was the face of the slain and ascended Christ, looking from the heavens, and under the dash of that overpowering light all the horses dropped with their riders. Human face and horses' mane together in the dust. And then two claps of thunder followed uttering the two word the second word like the first: "Saul! Saul!" For three days that fallen equestrian was totally blind, for excessive light will sometimes extinguish the eyesight. And what cornea and crystalline lens could endure a brightness greater than the noonday Syrian sun? I had read it a hundred times, but it never so impressed me before and probably will never so impress me again, as I took my Bible from the saddle-bags and read aloud to our comrades in travel: "As he journeyed, he came near Damascus and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven and he fell to the earth and heard a voice saying unto him: 'Saul! Saul! Why persecutest thou me?' and he said: 'Who art thou, Lord?' And the Lord said: 'I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.'"

But we can not stop longer on this road for we shall see this unhorsed equestrian later in Damascus, toward which his horse's head is turned, and at which we must ourselves arrive before night. The evening is near at hand, and as we leave snowy Hermon behind us and approach the shadow of two hundred minarets and domes, we cut through a circumference of many miles of garden, which embower the city. So luxuriant are these gardens, so opulent in colors, so luscious of fruits, so glittering with fountains, so rich with bowers and kiosks that the Mohammedan heaven was fashioned after what are to be seen here of bloom and fruitage. Here in Damascus at the right season are cherries, and mulberries, and apricots, and almonds, and pistachios, and pomegranites, and pears, and apples, and plums, and citrons, and all the richness of the round world's promology. No wonder that Julian called this city "Eye of the East," and that the poets of Syria have styled it "the luster on the neck of doves," and historians said: "It is the golden clasp which couples the two sides of the world together."

Under my window to-night in the hotel at Damascus I heard the perpetual ripple and rush of the river Abana. Ah, the secret is out! Now I know why all this flora, and fruit, and why everything is so green, and the plain one great emerald. The river Abana! And not far off, the river Pharpar, which our horses waded through to-day! Thank the rivers, or rather the God who made the rivers! Deserts to the North, deserts to the South, deserts to the East, deserts to the West, but here a paradise. And as the rivers Gihon and Pison, and Hiddekel, and Euphrates made the other paradise, Abana and Pharpar make this Damascus a paradise. That is what made General Naaman of this city of Damascus so mad when he was told for the cure of his leprosy to go and wash in the River Jordan. The River Jordan is much of the year a muddy stream, and it is never so clear as this River Abana, that I hear rumbling under my window to-night, nor as the River Pharphar that we crossed to-day. They are as clear as though they had been sieved through some especial sieve of the mountains. General Naaman had great and patriotic pride in these two rivers of his own country, and when Elisha, the prophet, told him that if he wanted to get rid of his leprosy he must go and wash in the Jordan, he felt as we who live on the magnificent Hudson would feel if told that we must go and wash in the muddy Thames, or as if those who live on the transparent Rhine were told that they must go and wash in the muddy Tiber. So General Naaman cried out with a voice as loud as ever he had used in commanding his troops, uttering those memorable words which every minister of the gospel sooner or later takes for his text: "Are not Abana and Pharphar, rivers of Damascus, better than the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?"

We are awakened in the morning in Damascus by the song of those who have different styles of food to sell. It is not a street cry as in London or New York, but a weird and long drawn-out solo, compared with which a buzz-saw is musical. It makes you inopportunely waken, and will not let you sleep again. But to those who understand the exact meaning of the song, it becomes quite tolerable, for they sing: "God is the nourisher, buy my bread." "God is the nourisher, buy my milk." "God is the nourisher, buy my fruit." As you look out of the window, you see the Mohammedans, who are in large majority in the city, at prayer. And if it were put to vote who should be king of all the earth, fifteen thousand in that city would say Christ, but one hundred and thirty thousand would say Mohammed. Looking from the window, you see on the housetops, and on the streets, Mohammedans at worship. The muezzin or the officers of religion, who announce the time of worship, appear high up on the different minarets or tall towers, and walk around the minaret, enclosed by a railing and cry in a sad and mumbling way: "God is great. I bear witness that there is no God but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayer? Come to salvation! God is great. There is no other God but God. Prayers are better than sleep." Five times a day must the Mohammedan engage in worship. As he begins, he turns his face toward the city of Mecca, and unrolls upon the ground a rug which he almost always carries. With his thumbs touching the lobes of his ears, and holding his face between his hands, he cries. "God is great." Then folding his hands across his girdle, he looks down and says: "Holiness to thee, O God, and praise be to thee. Great is thy name. Great is thy greatness. There is no deity but thee." Then the worshiper sits upon his heels, then he touches his nose to the rug, and then his forehead, these genuflections accompanied with the cry, "Great is God." Then, raising the forefinger of his right hand toward heaven, he says: "I testify there is no deity but God, and I testify that Mohammed is the servant of God, and the messenger of God." The prayers close by the worshiper holding his hands opened upwards as if to take the divine blessing, and then his hands are rubbed over his face as if to convey the blessing to his entire body.

There are two or three commendable things about Mohammedanism. One is that its disciples wash before every act of prayer, and that is five times a day, and there is a gospel in cleanliness. Another commendable thing is, they don't care who is looking, and nothing can stop them in their prayer. Another thing is that by the order of Mohammed, and an order obeyed for 1,300 years, no Mohammedan touches strong drink. But the polygamy, the many-wifehood of Mohammedanism, has made that religion the unutterable and everlasting curse of women, and when women sinks, the race sinks. The proposition recently made in high ecclesiastical places for the reformation of Mohammedanism instead of its obliteration, is like an attempt to improve a plague or educate a leprosy. There is only one thing that will reform Mohammedanism, and that its extirpation from the face of the earth by the power of the gospel of the Son of God, which makes not only man, but women free for this life and free for the life to come.

The spirit of the horrible religion which prevades the city of Damascus along whose streets we walk and out of whose bazars we make purchases and whose mosques we study the word carvings and bedizenments, was demonstrated as late as 1860 when in this city is put to death six thousand Christians in forty-eight hours, and put to the torch three thousand Christian homes, and those streets we walk to-day were red with the carnage, and the shrieks and groans of the dying and dishonored men and women made this place a hell on earth. This went on until a Mohammedan, better than his religion, Abd-el-Kader by name, a great soldier, who in one war, had with twenty-five thousand troops beaten sixty thousand of the enemy, now protested against this massacre and gathered the Christians of Damascus into castles and private houses and filled his own home with the affrighted sufferers. After a while the mob came to his door and demanded the "Christian dogs" whom he was sheltering. And Abd-el-Kader mounted a horse and drew his sword and with a few of his old soldiers around him, charged on the mob and cried: "Wretches! Is this the way you honor the prophet? May his curses be upon you! Shame! You will yet have to repent. You think you may do as you please with the Christians, but the day of retribution will come. The Franks will yet turn your mosques into churches. Not a Christian will I give up. They are my brothers. Stand back or I will give my men the order to fire." Then by the might of one great soul under God the wave of assassination rolled back. Huzzah for Abd-el-Kader! Although now we Americans and foreigners pass through the streets of Damascus unhindered, there is in many parts of the city the subdued hissing of a hatred for Christianity that, if it dared, would put to death every man, woman and child in Damascus who does not declare allegiance to Mohammed. But I am glad to say that a wide, hard, splendid turnpike road has, within a few years, been constructed from Beyrout on the Mediterranean to this city of Damascus, and, if ever again that wholesale assassination is attempted, French troops and English troops would, with jingling bits and lightning hoofs, dash up the hills and down on this Damascus plain and leave the Mohammedan murderers dead on the floor of their mosques and seraglios.

But I must say that this city of Damascus as I see it now is not as absorbing as the Damascus of the olden times. I turn my back upon the bazars, with rugs fascinating the merchants from Bagdad, and the Indian textile fabric of incomparable make, and the manufactured saddles and bridles gay enough for princes of the Orient to ride and pull, and baths where ablution becomes inspiration, and the homes of the bargain-makers of to-day, marbled and divaned and fountained and upholstered and masaiced and arabasqued and colonnaded until nothing can be added, and the splendid remains of the great mosque of John, originally built with gates so heavy that it required five men to turn them, and columns of porphyry and kneeling places framed in diamond and seventy-four stained glass windows and six hundred lamps of pure gold—a single prayer offered in this mosques said to be worth thirty thousand prayers offered in any other place. I turn my back on all these and see Damascus as it was when this narrow street, which the Bible calls straight, was a great wide street, a New York Broadway or a Parisian Champs Elysees, a great thoroughfare, crossing the city from gate to gate, along which tramped and rolled the pomp of all nations. There goes Abraham, the father of all the faithful. He has in this city been purchasing a celebrated slave. There goes Ben Hadad, of Bible times, leading 32 conquered monarchs. There goes David, king, warrior, and sacred poet. There goes Tamerlane, the conqueror. There goes Haroun al Raschid, once the commander of an army of 95,000 Persians and Arabs. There comes a warrior on his way to the barracks, carrying that kind of a sword which the world has forgotten how to make, a Damascus blade with the interlacing of color changing at every turn of the light, many colors coming and going and interjoining, the blade so keen it could cut in twain an object without making the lower part of the object tremble, with an elasticity that could not be broken, though you brought the point of the sword clear back to the hilt, and having a watered appearance which made the blade seem as though just dipped in a clear fountain, a triumph of cutlery which a thousand modern foundrymen and chemists have attempted in vain to imitate. On the side of the street, damasks, named after the city, figures of animals, and fruits, and landscapes here being first wrought into silk—damasks. Ancient specimens of damaskeening by which in this city steel and iron were first graved, and then the grooves filled with wire of gold —Damaskeening. But, stand back or be run over, for here are, at the gates of this city, laden caravans from Aleppo, in one direction, and from Jerusalem, in another direction, and caravans of all nations, paying toll to this supremacy. Great is Damascus!

But what most stirs my soul is neither chariot or caravan, nor bazar, nor palace, but a blind man passing along the street, small of stature and insignificent in personal appearance. Oh, yes, we have seen him before. He was one of that cavalcade coming from Jerusalem to Damascus to kill Christians, and we saw him and his horse tumble up there on the road some distance out of the city, and he got up blind. Yes, it is Saul of Tarsus, now going along this street called Straight. He is led by his friends, for he cannot see his hand before his face, unto the house of Judas: not Judas the bad, but Judas the good. In another part of this city one Ananias, not Ananias the liar, but Ananias the Christian, is told by the Lord to go to this house of Judas on Straight street, and put his hands on the blind eyes of Saul that his sight might return. "Oh," said Ananias, "I dare not go; that Saul is a terrible fellow. He kills Christians, and he will kill me." "Go," said the Lord, and Ananias went. There sits in blindness that tremendous prosecutor. He was a great nature crushed. If had started for the city of Damascus for the one purpose of assassinating Christ's followers, but since that fall from his horse he has entirely changed. Ananias steps up to the sightless man, puts his right thumb on one eye, and the left thumb on the other eye, and in an outburst of sympathy and love and faith says: "Brother Saul! Brother Saul? the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou comest, has sent me that thou mayest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost." Instantly something like scales fell from the blind man's eyes, and he arose from that seat the mightiest evangel of all ages, a Sir William Hamilton for metaphysical analysis, a John Milton for sublimity of thought, a Whitefield for popular eloquence, a John Howard for widespread philanthropy, but more than all of them together inspired, thunderbolted, multipotent, apostolic. Did Judas, the kind host of this blind man, or Ananias, the visitor, see scales drop from the sightless eyes? I think not. But Paul knew they had fallen, and that is all that happens to any of us when we are converted. The blinding scales drop from our eyes and we see things differently.

To each one of this vast multitude of auditors I say as Ananias did to Saul of Tarsus when his sympathetic fingers touched the closed eyelids: "Brother Saul! the Lord, even Jesus that appeared unto thee in the way that thou camest, hath sent me that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost!"

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—The stress produced by the late panic is passing away across the Atlantic, as is evidenced by the lowering of the Bank of England's discount rate to 5 per cent. The response on this side is is somewhat slower, and the money market in New York has been close for the past week, though with increasing ease, as was evidenced by a progressive decline in the rate on call loans. The bulk of the money loaned on call for the week was at 6 per cent or a shade lower. While there was a full supply of money for call loans, time money continued extremely scarce. Very few borrowers will bid more than 6 per cent, and lenders were indisposed to accept that rate.

A Western subscriber to THE BLADE writes to inquire "why money is so difficult to loan in New York at more than 6 per cent?" He has noted the fact from this financial report each week, and his wonder is excited thereby. The principal reason is, because it is well known to everybody that no legitimate business can afford to borrow money at a higher rate. When a would-be borrower offers to pay 7 or 8 per cent, or more, he has to give absolutely gilt-edged security. Lenders are shy of borrowers who are eager to borrow at high rates. Experience proves that money at more than 6 per cent is hazardous. It would have been well for Western farmers if they had learned this obvious lesson before this.

On Saturday a quarter of a million dollars in gold was sent out from London to this side, with more to follow. The news of this gave an easier feeling to the New York money market, as it is evident that the purchase of American securities has begun again in Europe.

STOCKS.—The improved turn in stocks noted a week ago was, as THE BLADE predicted, merely temporary, and the market for the week has been downward, and on Saturday, the 6th, was almost panicky. There can be no sudden recovery from so severe a pinch as the recent one, for it always leaves failures behind, as well as crippled financiers, who avail themselves of every rally in the market to sell out their holdings of stocks, get the cash, and settle their indebtedness.

GENERAL BUSINESS.—The volume of trade is less the country through, having fallen off, while collections are less satisfactory. This is the effect of the demoralization of the stock market. That has now extended to the commercial branches of business. There is no doubt that the general business of the country rests at present on a very sound basis; the country never was in a condition to be as prosperous as at present. But the monetary disturbance has created a feeling of distrust; banks are making loans with much more care than before, and hence there is a stringency in money everywhere. The effect is seen in the increasing number of business failures.

The Bradstreet report of failures gives 321 in the United States last week, against 233 the previous week and 281 the corresponding week last year. This is a very sharp increase, and significant of the sudden "scarcity of money." Nearly all the large failures of the week were simply because of the impossibility of obtaining money to meet maturing obligations.

WHY THIS SCARCITY?—People talk of "scarce money" without pausing to think of what it means. The circulation is now larger than it has been for many years. There is more money in the country than ever before. Up to a few weeks ago, it was easy for business men to borrow whatever sums they needed. Now all that is changed. Money is "very scarce," everybody says. But there is as much money in the country as there was a month or two ago.

That is to say, we have witnessed, within two months, in the business world, a complete change of conditions. That long ago, money was "plenty," every bank wanting to lend; now "money is scarce," every bank endeavoring to call in its loans; yet there has been no noteworthy change in the quantity of money in circulation in the country! What is the reason of this? It is *not* money which has become scarce; that is self-evident. It is that *credit* has become scarce. Lenders have grown cautious, fearing loss; with the result that this over-caution brings about the very thing feared—depression of business and an increase of failures.

SILVER.—The price of silver advanced at the beginning of last week, but declined sharply during the latter portion. We give the rates seven days apart:

	Nov. 29.	Dec. 5.
Bullion, London....	48¼d.	47⅞d.
Bullion, New York..	$1.00⅛.	$1.00.
Bullion certificates,	$1.00@1.00	$1.00@1.01

THE GOLD QUESTION.

One of the Many New York Opinions Taken from the Wires.

There has been no decrease in the real value of goods nor in the earning capacity of American railroads, nor in the prospect of dividends and interest on their stocks and bonds. The fact that when lenders of money get satisfactory stocks as collaterals they have all the past week been willing to lend money on call at from 4 to 6 per cent, and that even rates now for call loans on any good lot of mixed stock collaterals are to be had at 6 to 7 per cent are a sufficient evidence that there is no reason to think that there is going to be much if any permanent advance in the average rate of interest.

If this is the prospect, it is plain that the very many stocks and bonds which are now down to prices at which they pay from 7 to 8 per cent on the investment are much below their real value. It is chiefly a panic caused by apprehensions of the insufficiency of the circulating medium, but especially of that particular kind of circulating medium which the whole world recognizes, gold.

The struggle for gold between all the great banks of Europe began last July, as soon as it was found that a large amount was required for the Argentine Republic. At about the same time the passage of the silver bill by Congress and the talk of free coinage began to make apprehensions that these measures would force the United States to a silver basis and as soon as that thought took hold of the minds of financiers, they began to hoard gold, a process which has gone on ever since with increasing force.

The $75,000,000 or $80,000,000 of bonds which have been purchased by the treasury have been paid for largely in gold, and as this went into the hands of a class of capitalists who were rich enough to hold bonds, they were also rich enough to be able to put the gold away until they could see the prospects of silver legislation.

The silver legislation has therefore furnished the incentive to hoard gold, and the bond buying has furnished the means of drawing the gold out of the treasury to put into private hoards, and so take that much money out of banks and out of circulation. The amount of gold in the United States treasury on November 29 was $293,755,879, against $321,612,427 on June 30, thus showing a decrease of $27,856,548. This gold did not go abroad, because the total net exports of gold since July 1, has been only about $7,000,000. It must be remembered also that the annual production of gold in this country is about $33,000,000, and that a very considerable portion of this amount must have come into existence for this year since July 1, but this also appears to have been hoarded the same as the gold drawn out of the treasury.

WINDOM'S BOND OFFER.

The Secretary of the Treasury again Takes Steps to Relieve the Market.

Wall street's opinion of Secretary Windom's circular of Saturday, Dec. 6, calling for proposals for the sale of $5,000,000 of the 4 per cent bonds, as expressed this morning, is favorable as affording some relief in itself to the monetary stringency, but still more so from Mr. Windom's statement in an interview with a New York *Sun's* correspondent at Washington, published here this morning, that the $17,000,000 fractional currency in the treasury, "might be paid out in the purchase of bonds." Wall street regards this as an intimation of future early action in this direction on the part of the secretary of the Treasury. The improvement in the opening quotations this morning is attributed as much to this anticipated action as to the circular calling in $5,000,000 4s.

A Washington special says: "The financial situation and the continued stringency of money is still exciting anxiety here. In an interview, Secretary Windom says he has done all that he can do to solve the situation, and hopes that confidence will be speedily restored. He says he will not call in the government funds in the national banks unless he is ordered to do so by Congress, and declares that he will not allow the treasury become bankrupt while he is at the head of it, no matter who else becomes bankrupt. This is in the nature of a warning to men in Congress who are advocating all sorts of wild schemes that the secretary will not be driven from a careful, conservative course. Democrats in the House have suddenly become very anxious about the financial situation, and will to-day offer a resolution instructing the Banking and Currency committee to bring forward a scheme to relieve the money stringency.

CROP STATISTICS.

Estimates by the Illinois Agricultural Board—Northern Wheat.

The Illinois State board of Agriculture on Dec. 9 9 had reports on which it estimates the area seeded to winter wheat in the state this fall to be 1,850,000 acres. The condition of the growing crop is 96 per cent of seasonable average. The fall was favorable for seeding, but the dry weather retarded the growth some, and the Hessian fly injured it considerably in sections.

The probabilities are that later reports will develop more injury from the Hessian fly, particularly in Central Illinois. The area of corn in the state, as returned by the assessors, is 6,150,000 acres. The board estimates this is 160,000,000 bushels against 248,000,000 in 1889. The quality is very good, though the ears are small, and there is little or no complaint of soft or rotten corn.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE
Wednesday, Dec. 10, 1890.

The following shows changes in Government bonds during the past week:

	Dec. 3.	Dec. 2
4's, coupons	122	121¾
4's, registered	121	120¾
Pac. 6's of '95	109	109

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, decrease	$ 2,872,000
Loans, increase	1,921,400
Specie, decrease	3,820,300
Legal tenders, increase	504,800
Deposits, decrease	1,654,000
Circulation, decrease	8,800

The banks now hold $32,436,650 less than the requirements of the 25 per cent rule.

Range of New York stocks to-day, as received by Cronenberg, Chapman & King, Law building:

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closed
Atch	28	29¼	27⅝	29¼
A. C. O	....	....	....	....
Can. Sou	47⅜	47⅜	45	47⅜
C. C	57¼	58¼	57	58¼
C., B. & Q	86	88⅜	86	88⅜
C. Gas T	34	35½	33¾	35¼
Del. Hud	123¾	124	122¾	123⅞
Del. Lack	123¾	123¾	127¼	127¼
Erie	18½	19¼	18¼	19
Lake Val	21¾	22½	21¾	22
J. C	95¼	97½	95½	97½
Lead Tr	14¾	15¼	14¾	15¼
Lake Shore	103	104½	103	104¼
Lou. & Nash	70¾	72¾	69¼	72¾
M. C	....	....	....	....
Mo. Pac	56¾	58⅜	69¼	58⅜
N. E	30¾	31¾	30	31¼
N. P. pf'd	69¾	61¼	59	61
N. W	103¾	102⅝	103¾	103¾
N. Y. C	96¾	97¾	96⅝	97¼
N. A	11	11⅝	10¾	11¾
P. M	28	30	28	30¼
Pullman	170	170	170	170
R. T	14¾	15¼	14⅛	15¼
Read	68¾	70¾	67⅝	70¾
Read	29	29	27⅝	29
Silver	102¾	103¾	102¾	103¾
Sugar	92	93¼	92	93¼
Tenn. pf	48¾	50¾	47½	50
T. C. I	30½	31	29½	31
T. Pac	13¾	14⅛	13¾	14⅛
U. Pac	43¾	47¾	43¾	47⅛
Wabash	8½	8¾	8½	8¾
Wab. pfd	16¼	17⅛	16¼	17
W. U	74½	74½	71¾	73¾

Trade.

Trade during the past week has been fair generally. The holiday trade is pretty brisk. Several heavy failures have been recorded.

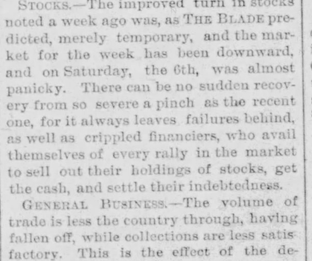
ON THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

The Stock of Grain and Prices on the Market.

The markets at the morning call opened 5@6c higher than yesterday's close.

At the regular sessions trade was dull, but prices held firmly.

SYRUP of FIGS



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

FREE for 20 DAYS from date of this paper. Wishing to introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS and make new customers, we have decided to make this special offer. Send us a picture of yourself or any member of your family. If live or dead, and we will make you a LIFE SIZE CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing us future orders. Please name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any Bank in Chicago. Address all mail to PACIFIC PORTRAIT HOUSE, Chicago Opera House Block, CHICAGO.

At Toledo, cash wheat, No. 2 soft red opened at 94c, and sold up to 94¼c.

December wheat, 94¼@c; May opened at 99c, and rose to 99¾c.

Corn dull; No. 2, 53¼c bid; No. 2 May, 54½c.

Oats—No. 2, about 48c.

Clover seed—Steady; prime cash, $4.05; February, $4.15.

This Afternoon's Markets.

The markets for wheat eased off after 12 o'clock and showed weakness for some time, but towards the close became firmer and closed with a strong tone.

As compared with the close yesterday, at Toledo May wheat is 1⅜c up; at Chicago 1¼c; at New York 1⅝c, and at St. Louis 1¼c higher.

At Toledo No. 2 soft red wheat, Lake Shore, sold at 95c at the opening; No. 2 soft red, 94¾c, Wabash, and afterward 96c, Wabash and D. & M.; No. 3, soft red, 92c, Wabash; No. 4 soft red, 85c, Wabash, 87c D. & M.

December wheat, 94¼@; May opened at 99c and closed at 100c.

Corn dull, but firm: No. 2 cash, 53½c; No. 2 May, 54c.

Oats—No. 2, nominally, 48c.

Clover seed—Prime, cash, $4.05; February, $4.15.

Prices of December and May wheat today:

Dec.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo.....	....	....	....	94½
Chicago....	94	96	94	95¾
New York.	101⅝	102¾	101¾	102¾
St. Louis...	92	92¾	92	93¼
May.				
Toledo.....	99	100	99	100
Chicago....	98	98¾	97¾	97¾
New York.	104	104¾	104	105⅛
St. Louis...	97⅝	97¾	97⅝	97⅞

Gossip Received by J. M. Cronenberg, Chapman & King, Law Building.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.—Provisions are very strong on the very small hog movement. Hutchinson is the leading buyer of corn.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 9.—Freights unchanged.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.—Partridge is now a seller of wheat; supposed to be getting rid of long wheat. Hutchinson is a buyer.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.—Wheat cables to the Board of Trade are quiet on spot futures. What is up on the improved tone of finances at New York, and on the discovery that the rumors put afloat yesterday were put afloat by short sellers to affect the price.

Dahlie—Cargoes off coast—Wheat at the opening quiet but steady. Cargoes on passage and for shipment—Wheat at opening, not much inquiry.

Liverpool wheat—Spot at opening, rather easier. Quantity of wheat and flour on passage to the United Kingdom for ports of call and direct ports, 2,324,000 quarters. Quantity of wheat on passage to the continent, 695,000 quarters, last week 540,000 quarters.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 9.—12:30 p. m.—Wheat quiet; demand poor; holders offer moderately. The receipts of wheat for past three days were 308,000 centals, including 21,000 American. Corn quiet; demand poor; there were no receipts of American corn for past three days. The weather is seasonable.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 9.—Joseph Humphrey & Co., grain dealers here, failed to-day. Liabilities £50,000.

The Produce Market.

Butter—Best 24c; fair grades 20@24c.

Eggs—Steady; cold storage, 22c; fresh, 24.

Fresh Meats—Beef, 4½@5½c; veal, 5c; mutton, 8@10c; dressed hogs, $5.00@5.50.

Hides—Cured steers', 9@10c; cured light, 4½@5½c; bonds, steers, green, 5c; light, 3½@c; No. 2, 2½@3c; grubby, 5c; calf, cured, 5@6c; green, 7c; kip, green, 6c; market firm.

Poultry—Chickens, young, 10c; old, 9c; turkeys, 11c dressed; ducks and geese same as chickens.

Beans—$1 75@2 25 per bushel.

Potatoes—60c per bushel.

Provisions—Heavy mess pork, $12 50; short mess, $10 50; lard, $10 00; short clear mess, $10 50; Hams—Sugar cured, 12 lbs. and over, 10½c; 15 lbs. average, 11c; 12 lbs. and under, 11½c; shoulders, 7c; breakfast bacon, clear, 9c; breakfast bacon, $40 smoked beef, 10c. Lard—Kettle rendered, tierces, 7c; barrels, 7c; half barrels, 7c; 50 lb tins, 7c; refined lard, tierce, 6½c; 50 lb tins, 7c; clear bacon sides, 8c; bologna sausages, 6c.

General Produce.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 9.—Wheat firm; No. 2 spring on track, cash, 85@86c; May, 91¾c; No. 1 Northern, 90c. Corn quiet; No. 3 on track, 49½c. Oats quiet; No. 2 white, on track, 44½c.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 9.—Flour, steady. Wheat firm at 93c. Corn firm; No. 2 mixed, on 53½@53¾c. Oats steady at 48c. Rye firm at 75c. Provisions firmer. Whisky active; firm; sales, 1,243 bbls.

DETROIT, Dec. 9.—Wheat, No. 1 white, 95c; No. 2 red cash, 93½c; December, 95½c; May, 100¾c bid. Corn—No. 2 cash, 52½c; May, 50½c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 45½c; No. 2 white, 47c asked. Receipts—Wheat, 1,700; corn, 27,100; oats, 3,700.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 9.—Wheat—Steady; cash, 92½c; December, 86c bid; January, 87c bid; May, 97¾@97⅞c. Corn—Higher; cash, 52½@52¾c; December, 51c bid; January, 50½c; May, 52c. Oats, cash, 45c asked; May, firm, 43¾@43¾c. Pork quiet, $10 75@10 50. Lard dull at $5 50. Whisky steady at $1 14.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.—1:15 p. m.—The closing prices on the Board of Trade, as quoted by the *Daily Trade Bulletin* are as follows: Wheat, firm; cash, 94½c; January, 91½c; May, 99½@99¾c. Corn—Higher; cash and December, 52½c; January, 52c; May, 54¾c. Oats—Steady; cash, 42½@43½c; January, 43¼c; May, 46¾@46¾c. Pork—cash, $8 12½; January, $10 45; May, 11 40. Lard—cash and December, $5 85@5 90; January, $5 70@5 72½; May, $5 87½. Short ribs—cash, $5 00; December, $4 87½; January, $5 2½; May, $5 80. Rye easy at 86c. Barley easy at 75@78c. Flax seed quiet at $1 20¾. Timothy easy at $1 30@1 54. Butter easy. Eggs firm. Whisky at $1 14.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—Wheat—Receipts, 68,632 bu; sales, 320,000 bu; market strong; No 2 red, cash and December, 101¾@102c; January, 103¾@104c; February, 103¾@104c; May, 104½@105c. Barley, quiet, firm. Corn—Receipts, 5,400 bu; sales, 440,000 bu; futures, 10,000 bu; quiet; No. 2, 62@62½c; steamer mixed, 62¼c. Oats—Receipts, 78,000 bu; sales, 55,000 bu; stronger, quiet; western, 48@58c. Beef, dull and steady, plate, $7 00@7 50; do family, $9 00@10 00. Pork—Quiet, steady; mess, $10 75@12 00; extra prime, $10 50@11 00. Lard—Quiet, weak; steam rendered, $5 97½. Butter—Receipts, 4,063 packages; market moderately active and firm; western dairy, 13@16c; do creamery, 21@25c; Elgins, 26c; imitation creamery, 15@25c. Eggs—Receipts, 6,000 packages; market about steady and dull; western, 29@30c. Sugar fair demand easy; fair refining, 4¾c; centrifugal, 96 test, 5 5-16c; refined, dull, steady; crushed, 6¾c; powdered, 6¾c; granulated, 6⅝c. Spirits turpentine, quiet and weak at 38½@38c. Molasses quiet; steady; New Orleans common to fancy, 30@40c. Tallow firm; wanted; city ($2 for packages), 4¾@4 13-16c. Coffee—Rio contracts were stronger by 5 to 10 points, but very dull. The position drags along with feeble fluctuations, and is without interesting features. Possibly with the liquidation of the December deal more life will come about. Rio on spot was dull; No. 7, 17½c.

Live Stock.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 9.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,000; head; market slow. Hogs—Receipts, 4,000; head; market strong; fair to choice heavy, $3 50@3 70; mixed, $3 20@3 55; Yorkers, $3 20@3 35. Sheep—Receipts 1,000 head; market steady.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 9.—Cattle—Receipts short shipments, 1,410; market steady; steers, $3 50@5 25. Hogs—Receipts, 10,795; no shipments, market steady to 5c higher; all grades at $3 00@3 70. Sheep—Receipts, 180; shipments, 290; market steady; muttons, $4 10@4 45.

CLEVELAND STOCK YARDS, Dec. 9.—Erick Bros.' report.—[Exclusive to THE BLADE.]—Hogs—Receipts, 6,500; market active, decidedly good; fair to best heavy, $3 70@3 85; fair to best light, $3 55@3 65; best pigs and lights, $3 00@3 25; stags and roughs, $2 50@3 15. Veal calves, 4@6c.

BUFFALO, Dec. 9.—Cattle—Receipts 71 loads through, 125 sale; dull, heavy. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 14 loads through, 85 sale; dull; sheep, choice to extra, $5 00@5 25; good to choice, $4 75@4 90; lambs, choice to extra, $5 75@5 90; good to choice, $5 50@5 60. Hogs—Receipts, 38 loads through, 140 sale; slow; mediums heavy and mixed, $3 60@3 80; Y

structing the secretary of the Treasury to pay out of the treasury a rebate of two cents a pound on all unbroken packages of manufactured tobacco in delears' hands on January 1, in accordance with the terms of the conference report on the McKinley bill. The conference report, it will be remembered, contained the tobacco rebate section which was omitted from the bill as signed by the President.

About an Apportionment Bill.

There is no doubt that the Democrats in both Houses will vigorously oppose the passage of an apportionment bill based upon the estimate made by the present superintendent of the census. There will also be an attempt to have the census bureau investigated, with the object of discrediting its entire work and having a new enumeration made. The investigation may be made, but the work will not be discredited. It has been done with more rapidity, with more intelligence, and with greater accuracy than ever before, and Superintendent Porter can defend every action he has taken. His figures will not be materially shaken and the new apportionment bill will be made up from the data which he will furnish to chairman Dunnell's committee.

Chairman Dunnell, of the Census committee, says that the committee will begin consideration of the apportionment bill this week and he has no doubt it will be before the House before the Christmas holidays. He was of opinion that the question raised by New York city as to the accuracy of her enumeration would not delay the preparation of the apportionment bill, for if it should be decided after fair and full consideration that New York city's claim was just the matter could be fixed so as to give her any membership to which she was entitled.

Democratic Caucus.

The Democratic Senators held a caucus on Dec. 3 to discuss the order of business. The chances of the passage of the elections bill, if it should reach a final vote, were canvassed, and individual Senators expressed diverse opinions as to the ability of the Republican party leaders to keep their forces in line. The conclusion reached was to maintain an unbroken opposition to the passage of the bill. The minority will seize every opportunity to discuss the bill exhaustively and fairly, and to strive to amend every objectionable feature as reached in the detailed consideration of the measure, as was the case with the tariff bill.

The opinion was expressed that as the majority had not yet signified any intention to unduly restrict reasonable debate, it would be premature for the caucus to undertake the arrangement of a programme to meet the present action of a closure resolution. To secure harmony of action, the Democratic members of the committee on Privileges and Elections (which reported the bill) will take charge of the debate and arrange the order of speaking. As to the further order of business, it was decided that as the Republican Senators had not yet completed their order, the caucus would not now undertake to formulate a programme.

To Make Pension Getting Easy.

By direction of Secretary Noble Assistant Secretary Bussey on Dec. 6, sent the following letter to Commissioner Raum, of the Pension bureau:

"With a view to greater efficiency in the adjudication of claims under the old law, in cases where no attorney has been employed, you are directed to detail a competent assistant chief of division with such clerical force as may be necessary to examine all such cases on file.

"Those found complete must be placed on the completed files, and where not complete, claimant must be fully notified as to what evidence is required to complete their claims.

"When you have created the necessary force to complete this work you will please communicate to the honorable secretary of the Interior the name of the assistant chief of division charged with this duty, with a statement showing the number of clerks employed under him. Also report, when the work has been completed, the number of cases found, and the disposition made of them."

A New Series of Treasury Notes.

Representative Bland, of Missouri, has introduced a bill requiring the secretary of the Treasury to prepare a new series of Treasury notes commonly called greenbacks and issue them in sums equal to the amount of national bank notes that may be from time to time surrendered for redemtion or cancelation by national banking associations.

Mr. Bland also introduced a bill authorizing the issue of a new series of legal tender notes to meet any deficiencies in the revenues of the government. A preamble to the bill recites that a deficiency in the revenues is now threatened, and the country is not in condition to bear any further taxation. It authorizes the secretary of the Treasury to prepare and issue legal tender notes, commonly called greenbacks, in payment of current obligations of the government. These notes are to be in addition to the legal tender notes now authorized; may be re-issued as legal tender notes are now re-issued, and are to be available for all monetary purposes.

Contests in the Next House.

But seven notices of contests for seats in the Fifty-second Congress have been filed with Mr. Edward McPherson, clerk of the House, and five of these are from Pennsylvania, as follows: Twelfth, John Reynolds, Democrat, against Geo. Shonk, Republican; Sixteenth, Mortimer F. Elliott, Democrat, against Albert E. Hopkins, Republican; Eighteenth, Louis E. Greely, Democrat, against Edward Scull, Republican; Twenty-fourth, A. B. Craig, Democrat, against Andrew Stewart, Republican. In the Petersburg district, Virginia, John M. Langston, a sitting member, contests the seat of George E. Epps, and in the Seventh South Carolina district, Elliott will contest Miller's (colored) seat, the latter also being a sitting member. The contested election cases in the present House that have recently been reported for action by the committee on Elections, are Goodrich vs. Bullock, in the Second Florida district, and McGinnis vs. Alderson, Third West Virginia. In both cases the majority seats the contestants.

Democratic Tactics.

The Democratic leaders in the House are disposed to attack the tariff bill this session. When the Hawaiian bill is brought forward for action they say that they will have a few hundred amendments, more or less, to offer. It is not improbable that the tobacco rebate and the Hawaiian bills will be consolidated. There does not seem to be any insuperable objection, parliamentary or otherwise, to uniting the two bills as they are both designed in effect, to correct errors in the revenue law which was enacted as a single measure at the last session of Congress.

If the Ways and Means committee should combine the bills, they might thereby avert or escape from the embarrassment in which the leaders of the free trade minority threaten to involve the proposed amendment to the revenue law, otherwise the Hagaman bill may be so borne down by free trade "amendments" as to insure its failure.

New Pension Bill.

Sen. Quay has introduced a bill granting to all persons whose names are now on the pension list, or may hereafter be placed on it, who have lost both eyes or both feet, or who are otherwise totally disabled, a pension of $100 a month. Also to all persons who have lost an arm at the shoulder joint or a leg at the hip joint, a pension of $60 a month; and to those who have lost an arm below the elbow, or a leg below the knee, $55 a month. Those who have lost a hand or a foot, or have been totally disabled in the same, are to be entitled to $50 a month. The bill provides further that persons who have contracted two or more disabilities shall receive a sum per month equal to the total of the rates for all of the disabilities mentioned.

Stewart's Silver Bill.

Senator Stewart has introduced a bill for the free and unlimited use of silver as money. It amends the first section of the present law, by repealing the clause limiting the purchase of bullion by the secretary of the Treasury to 4,500,000 ounces per month, and requires the secretary to purchase all the silver bullion offered, at a price not exceeding one dollar for three hundred and seventy-five one hundredths grains of pure silver. It also amends the third section, by requiring the secretary to coin at least 2,000,000 ounces per month after July next, and as much more as may be necessary to redeem the treasury notes issued in the purchase of bullion.

An Important Document.

Clerk Michael, of the Senate committee on printing, has just prepared a supplement to the congressional directory, giving correct maps of the states, showing the boundaries of the congressional districts and counties, giving the population of states by counties according to the recent census, and the total population of states as shown by the census of 1880 and 1890.

Surgeon General of the Army Dead.

Dr. Jedediah H. Baxter, surgeon general of the army, who was stricken with paralysis on Nov. 28, died at 2 o'clock a. m., Dec. 4. He never regained consciousness after the attack save for an instant on Tuesday when there was a slight sign of returning consciousness.

Hawaiian Treaty Exempt.

Representative McKinley has introduced in the House a bill similar to the one presented in the Senate by Senator Sherman, providing that the present tariff law shall not affect the operations of the Hawaiian reciprocity treaty.

Mrs. Custer's Pension.

Mrs. Gen. Custer, who, since the death of her husband, has been receiving a pension of $600 a year, has now asked to have it doubled, and, as precedent is in her favor, she hopes she may be successful.

GENERAL NEWS.

WHAT THE INDIANS WANT.

A Missionary Visits the Hostile Camp, and Has a Talk.

As perilous a mission as a man of God has undertaken for many a day toward averting great bloodshed and loss of human life was completed on Dec. 6, when good Father Jule, the Catholic priest whom Gen. Brooke requested to go out and talk with the hostile Indians, returned to Pine Ridge agency.

It seemed sheer madness for a white man to so much as think of attempting such a mission and hope to return alive, but Father Jule having spent seven years among the Indians, four of the seven on this agency, and having been looked up to and greatly confided in by the reds, he and the officials considered it would be more possible for him to make the final effort at a peaceable adjustment of the present crisis than any one else.

The reverend father was accompanied by Jack Red Cloud, the widely respected son of the famous chief, who went more as a guide than upon the supposition that he would be of any use in making the mission a success.

The start was made Wednesday noon. They went down the White Clay creek, a very unusual route, and as a result got lost after crossing White river. All of Thursday night they wandered about, being compelled to keep moving about in order to avoid freezing. Hunger was added to their discomfort, since they had not taked a morsel of food with them.

Ten miles from the hostile camp they were halted by the enemy's pickets, who leveled their guns on them and held them until an Indian runner could be sent into the camp and inquire whether or not they were to be admitted. A favorable reply was received, and they proceeded on, but between the muzzle of guns. The camp was reached at 11 a. m. the next day, and two hours later the chiefs met Father Jule in council. There were present Two Strike, the head chief; Turning Bear, Short Bull, High Hawk, Crow Dog, Kicking Bear, Eagle Pipe, Big Turkey and High Pipe. The pipe of peace was conspicuous by its absence.

Father Jule opened the council by asking the chiefs to state the particular cause of the grievance that had led them to assume so startling an attitude of war. Their replies were substantially as follows: "We object to the recent census returns made by Mr. Lee. His enumeration, as he is now making it, would not give food sufficient for us to live on. Lee puts us down less, many less, for each tepee, than the tepee contains. We are to receive food according to the enumeration. We shall starve; we know we shall starve if the Great Father chooses to lay a trap to cheat us; we will have one big eat before the starving time comes. After that we shall fight our last fight and the white man shall see more blood, more dead by us from our guns than ever before. Then we will go to the last hunting ground happy.

"If white men did not mean to cheat us out of food, the Great Father never would have sent soldiers. There is no need of soldiers if the Great Father intended to be square with us; we know he intends cheating us by the way the census man is now putting down figures that lie, and by which we are to be fed. Great Father has done another wrong. He put a new line, a new boundary line, between Rosebud and Pine Ridge agency, that makes many of us leave our homes and give them to others. The Great Father broke the old treaty when he did this. We can no longer believe the Great Father. He says to us: "Children, you shall never be moved again unless you want to move," and then he goes right away and moves us. We are done with promises; and now we make a promise that we will fight, and the great father will find that we will not break our promise. We will now be very plain with you, Christian Father, and tell you another thing, something of which you may have already thought. It is this: We are not coming now, and will not lay down our rifles because we are afraid of the consequences. We have done wrong, we know it. If we stop now, we will be punished. The great father will send many of us to his big iron house to stay many moons. We would die. No, we will not go in and give up. We know the great father better than he knows us, or cares to know us."

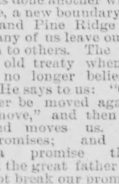
After a long pause, Crow Dog said that they might come in if the soldiers were taken away.

Father Jule says he then urged them with much fervor to be peaceable, give up their designs of war and be peaceable. He explained that the soldiers were not to harm the Indians, but to protect the agency; that rations had been increased at the agency, and that if they came Gen. Brooke would telegraph to Washington and get permission for them to stay on this agency as they desired. So far as depredations were concerned the father told them they had better stop committing them, and they would be more easily forgiven. Finally he urged the chiefs that they all come back with him. To this some of the older ones made favorable answer, but the younger ones, who were heavily in the majority, said no, but the old men finally agreed that they would come on horseback to Father Jules's house, which is about four miles northwest of the agency, this morning and there meet Gen. Brooke, and tell him in person just what they had told Father Jule. This brought on a renewal of bitter opposition from the majority which come near ending in a row.

Finally the young chiefs cooled off and Two Strike addressed the Father, saying: "Hold your hands up to the great spirit and tell us as though you were about to start on a journey to the last hunting grounds as the red man whether what you say to us from Gen. Brooke be true and that we will not be harmed if we come in simply to talk to Gen. Brooke."

Father Jule says he complied with the request. All the chiefs then extended their hands toward the heavens, and

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.*

ARREST MR. BULL.

The Secret Wherein All the Indian Trouble Lies.

On Dec. 1, Capt. Ketchum, of the Twenty-second infantry, who was adjutant general for Stanley in 1873, and is well known to the Indians, held a conference at Cannot Ball Station, North Dakota, with all the chiefs of the Yanktonnais who could be summoned at short notice, such as Two Bears, Wolf, Necklace, Big Head, Black Tomahawk and Redfish. They stated that they had no grievances and with one accord said the later treaties had been complied with.

They expressed grave fears lest the conduct of Bull and others would result in war, and that the Crook-Foster-Warner treaty would be abrogated thereby. They were assured that friendly Indians would not suffer and were content. The War department is now having made, at various army posts near the Sioux agencies, detailed reports by officers of rank, of all the charges of broken faith made by Indians against the government. The reports will be forwarded to the secretary of War and a collective statement made from them.

No one in this reservation not actually in touch with Sitting Bull is chary of expressing the firm belief that he should be arrested, and that as speedily as possible. He is surly, arrogant and recalcitrant, and is regarded as a standing menace to peace not only by whites, but by such Indians as Gall and John Grass. Many who know the man and believe him to be a coward think he would submit to arrest peaceably. Others think he would fight hard if brought to bay.

WILL LOSE SOME LAND.

An Important Decision Rendered by Commissioner Goff.

The state of South Dakota is liable to lose some forty thousand acres of land granted by the general government. The registrar and receiver of the Pierre land office on Dec. 4, received a decision rendered by United States Land Commissioner Goff, in the matter of the state indemnity school lands. In accordance with the enabling act, the last legislature ordered that Land Commissioner Parker select the school lands of the state, known as indemnity lands. These altogether amount to about 70,000 acres. Commissioner Parker wanted these from this district, but the application is denied by the general land office. This means that the state shall select the idemnity lands in the districts in which they occur. In the Huron, Aberdeen and Pierre districts sufficient lands remains to provide for this, but in the Watertown, Yankton districts none of these lands remain, and 40,000 acres may be lost. The case will be appealed to the Secretary of the Interior.

WORLD'S FAIR BONDS.

Two Million of Them Not to Be Issued For Nine Months.

Lyman J. Gage, of the Columbian exposition, says that no attempt will be made to float the newly authorized issue of $5,000,000 for at least six or nine months. "Before we shall call on this fund," he continued, "we will spend $2,000,000 out of $5,000,000 capital stock. After that we will call upon our city reserve fund, but not until it is absolutely necessary. By this mode nearly a year's interest will be saved."

Vice President Bryan is preparing a certified copy of the world's fair bond ordinance, and collecting affidavits and papers, tending to show the legality of Chicago's assurance that she is ready for the world's fair. On Monday Director Peck and Secretary Butterworth will present these documents, together with the rules and regulations governing foreign exhibits, to President Harrison for his consideration, in forming the proclamation to the nations of the world.

HAD TO DISCHARGE THEM.

Aldermen Who Escaped Through a Small Hole.

At Des Moines, Iowa, on Dec. 6, Judge Bishop in a lengthy opinion sustained the motion of the defense and directed the jury to find a verdict of acquittal in the case against the eight ex-aldermen on trial for willful misconduct in office, in taking from the city treasury $7,200 in excess of their salaries. In his ruling the judge held that it was not for him to say whether or not the act charged was morally wrong, but whether it was a crime under the statutes. As he understood the law it was not.

THE WOMEN WON.

They Will be Admitted as Lay Delegates to Lay Conferences.

The question "Shall women be admitted into the general conference as lay delegates?" has been submitted to the congregations of all the Methodist churches in the United States, and the Philadelphia *Methodist* of December 5 says that enough of the returns have been received to show that the women have carried the day, and so far as the popular will goes they are entitled to seats in the general conference as lay delegates.

Senator Turpie's Mother Burned to Death.

Mrs. Mary Turpie, over 90 years old, mother of Senator David S. Turpie, of Indiana, met with a horrible death at her home near Delphi, Ind., on December 3. She had been living for the last 35 years with her son, Robert Turpie. Yesterday he stepped out to transact some business with a neighbor, leaving her alone in the sitting room of the house, in which an open fire burned. He returned within half an hour and found his aged mother lying dead near the fireplace, with nearly all of her clothing burned and her body frightfully disfigured by the flames. Robert Turpie is greatly prostrated by the sad occurrence.

Can Care For Their Own Poor.

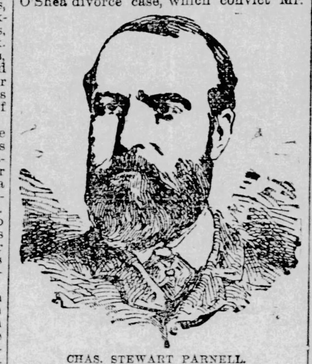
Gov. Thayer was much annoyed to learn that an appeal for aid had been made to St. Louis for drought sufferers in Western Nebraska. He authorizes the statement that the people of Nebraska are amply able to care for all distress in the state.

PARNELL'S CASE.

The Question Whether He Shall Still be the Irish Leader.

The Nationalist members of the House of Commons met again at noon on Dec. 4, to further consider the question of Mr. Parnell's leadership. All the Irish members at present in London were in attendance at the meeting. Mr. Parnell occupied the chair.

After the meeting had been called to order, one of the members read the manifesto issued on Dec. 3, by the Catholic hierarchy in Ireland, declaring that in consequence of the revelations of the O'Shea divorce case, which convict Mr.



CHAS. STEWART PARNELL.

Parnell of one of the gravest offenses known to religion and society, Catholic Ireland cannot accept as a leader a man wholly dishonorable, and that the continuance of his leadership would imperil the cause of Ireland. The reading of the manifesto was greeted with cheering by Mr. Parnell's opponents.

PARNELL HOLDS ON.

A Part of the Home Rulers Leave the Committee Room.

At 1 o'clock on December 6, the Irish members of the House of Commons who were considering the advisability of retiring Mr. Parnell from the leadership of the Nationalist party, reassembled in the committee room of the House of Commons, which has been set apart for their use. It was the desire of the members to maintain the strictest secrecy regarding their proceedings, and they had requested the officials of the House to aid them in keeping outsiders away from the meeting room. In consequence no one was allowed in the lobby adjoining the room. Even the courtesy extended to the press was suspended, and no reporters were permitted in the vicinity of the place where the deliberations were taking place.

The first business transacted was the reading of Mr. Gladstone's letter in reply to the committee, consisting of Messrs. Leahy and Redmond, representing Mr. Parnell, and Messrs. Sexton and Healy, representing his opponents, who were appointed to negotiate with the Liberal leader regarding the control of the Irish constabulary, and a settlement of the agrarian difficulty.

Mr. Gladstone remains firm in his determination that in no way recognize Mr. Parnell as the leader of the Nationalists, and his position is emphasized by his letter, in which he offers to conduct negotiations with a new Irish leader, on a footing of confidence equal to that which he once accorded to Mr. Parnell.

The reading of the letter was greeted with cheers by the section of the party opposed to Mr. Parnell, and with ironical cries by his supporters. A stormy debate followed, Messrs. Barry, Sexton and Healy made a determined attempt to bring about a final settlement of the question.

They insisted that there be an immediate division of the members on the main question, before the meeting; namely, the retirement of Mr. Parnell from the leadership of the party. Finally Mr. Sexton gave Mr. Parnell his ultimatum to the effect that if a decision on this question was delayed by the chairman— Mr. Parnell— after 6 o'clock this evening the majority of the representatives

MRS. O'SHEA.

of the party would hold a meeting of their own and depose him from office. A scene of great excitement followed this announcement. At 2:45 a recess was taken for half an hour.

At 3:15 o'clock the members re-assembled. A strongly worded letter from Archbishop Walsh was read, demanding Mr. Parnell's removal. The reading of this letter produced a marked effect.

Mr. John O'Connor moved the adoption of a resolution declaring that Mr. Gladstone's letter was not satisfactory and that Ireland required assurances regarding the constabulary and land questions. The motion was seconded by Mr. Keuney.

Mr. Abraham then made a motion that Mr. Parnell vacate the chairmanship.

Mr. Parnell refused to allow the resolution to be put, whereupon Mr. McCarthy, followed by 44 other members, left the room.

The McCarthy party met afterwards, and adopted the following:

We, members of the Irish parliamentary party, solemnly renew our adhesion to the principle, in devotion to which we have never wavered, that the Irish is and always must remain independent of all other parties.

Further, we declare that we will never entertain any proposal for a settlement of the home rule question except such as satisfies the aspirations of the Irish party and the Irish people.

The scenes leading up to the split were exciting, and Parnell again lost his temper and referred to Mr. Kirby as a cowardly little scoundrel who dared to insult a woman by inquiring who was to be mistress in the Parnell party.

Gladstone to the Nationals.

Mr. Gladstone, in his letter to the Nationalists' meeting, acknowledges the receipt of the resolutions adopted by the Irish caucus, and says:

"By the first resolution the subject of our correspondence is entirely detached from connection with the conversation at Hawarden. In the second I am requested to receive a deputation, which, besides stating the party's views, is to request an intimation of me and my colleagues' intentions regarding the details of a settlement of the land question and the control of the constabulary. I have not yet had an opportunity to consult my colleagues regarding such a declaration of intention on two out of the many points which may be regarded as vital to the construction of a good measure for home rule. The question raised by the publication of my letter to Mr. Morley was a question of leadership, which, separate, has no proper connection with home rule.

"I can not undertake to make any statement of our intentions on these or any other provisions of a home rule bill

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY,
BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Bilious and Nervous Disorders.
"Worth a Guinea a Box" but sold for 25 Cents,
BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

in connection with a question of leadership. When the Irish party settles this question, belonging entirely to their own competence, in such a manner as will enable me to renew my former relations with the Irish party, it will be my desire to enter without prejudice into confidential communication, such as heretofore occurred, as occasion may serve, upon all amendment of particulars and suggestion of improvement in my plan for a measure for home rule. I assure you that it is my desire to press forward at the first favorable opportunity a just and effective measure for home rule. I recognize and earnestly seek to hold the independence of the Irish party no less than that of the Liberal party. I acknowledge with satisfaction the harmony prevailing between the two parties since 1886. When the present difficulty is removed I know no reason to anticipate its interruption. From what has taken place on both sides of the channel during the past four years I look forward with confidence, as do my colleagues, to the formation and prosecution of a measure, which, in meeting all the just claims of Ireland, will likewise obtain the approval of the people of Great Britain.

"I shall, at all suitable times, prize the privilege of free communication with the Irish National party.

"Finally, I would remind you of my declaration that apart from personal confidence, there is but one guarantee that can be of real value to Ireland. It is that recently pointed out by Sir William Vernon Harcourt in his letter of December 2, when he called attention to the unquestionable political fact that no party nor no leaders could ever propose or hope to carry a scheme for home rule that did not have the cordial concurrence and support of the Irish nation.

"With this statement of my views and those of my colleagues, I anticipate that you will agree with my opinion that there would be no advantage in a further personal interview."

The Churches Against Parnell.

A letter from the archbishops and bishops was read in all the Catholic churches in Ireland after the celebration of mass yesterday. At St. Colman's cathedral, Queenstown, after the letter had been read, Rev. Father Lee addressed the congregation. He declared that it was no longer possible for Parnell to remain at the head of the Irish party. He had disgraced, dishonored and degraded himself by his own acts and could not lead the smallest section of the Irish people. In refusing to recognize the authority of the bishops, Parnell was doing incalculable mischief to the Irish cause, was performing the work of the enemy, and was rendering the people disunited and distracted.

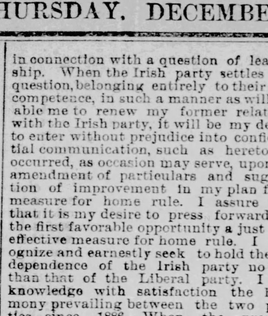
McCarthy's Leadership.

The election of Justin McCarthy, by the anti-Parnell faction, as leader, has pleased Mr. Gladstone.

Home Rule is Dead.

The Dublin *Express* (Independent Conservative), says: The prospects for home rule for Ireland at the next election are as dead as Queen Anne. Irish public opinion points to the continued popularity of Mr. Parnell.

The *Freeman's Journal*, in which Mr. Parnell is understood to have an interest, advocates on its own responsibility, without recommending the plan



CAPT. O'SHEA.

to either side on the grounds beyond its reasonableness, that efforts be made by the two factions of the Irish party in the direction of conciliation and peace.

It urges Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien to return from the United States to Paris forthwith, and that all the Nationalist members of the House of Commons or delegates from each section of the party assemble in conference in that city.

A Council of Eight Selected.

In response to the called issued by Mr. Justin McCarthy, the leader of the anti-Parnellite section of the Irish party, all the members of the party who are opposed to Mr. Parnell assembled on Dec. 8 to further consider the line of policy to be adopted. Copies of the call had been addressed to Mr. Parnell and his supporters, but it is hardly necessary to state that none of them were present.

A council, comprising eight members—Messrs. Abraham, Dillon, Healy, O'Brien, Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Power O'Connor, Sexton and Sheehy—was appointed to assist Mr. McCarthy in deciding the future action of the party. The meeting was presided over by Mr. McCarthy. After the appointment of the council an adjournment was taken until 2 o'clock to-morrow.

Mr. Parnell will be accompanied on his coming tour through Ireland by the most active of his followers. Before his departure from England for Ireland he will issue a manifesto to the people of the latter country. It will be signed by all his supporters, including Mr. Carew, who has heretofore been regarded as doubtful in his allegiance.

A Fight on the Saloon.

A number of representative citizens of Huron, South Dakota, held a meeting on Dec. 8 and declared unanimously that the saloons and liquor joints now running in violation of the state prohibition law must go. A number of letters have been received by leading temperance people advising them to leave the town or refrain from further molesting the venders of liquors, under penalty of having their property destroyed and their bodies filled with bullets. These letters have aroused the law-abiding citizens, and they propose to make it lively for saloon men and their followers.

More Land for Settlers.

Several thousand acres of land, in Wisconsin, mostly covered with valuable timber will be thrown open for settlement December 20, when Congressman McCord's bill goes into effect. The act restores to the public domain, subject to entry under the homestead law, certain lands that had been withdrawn from the market for reservoir purposes. A part of the first section of the bill says that the lands shall be subject to homestead entry only at the land offices at Ashland, Eau Claire and Wausau.

Hessian Fly in Illinois.

The reports of the crop correspondents of the Illinois State Board of Agriculture for the month of December show that the Hessian fly has been discovered in the fields of nearly, if not all of the counties where winter wheat is grown. The extent of the damage already done is not known, as no reports were made until last week, but it is considered sufficiently serious to warrant a special issue of a bulletin by the department on December 5, in anticipation of the December report of the board, which is not yet prepared.

Refused to Take the Office.

John Brooks, the newly elected treasurer of Clark county, Illinois, has declined to accept the office and has returned his commission to the secretary of State, with a note in which he says: "The Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association county board has reduced the salary from $1,200 to $800 with an allowance for clerk hire of $300." Mr. Brooks concluded he did not want the job at that price. A special election must now be held.

Tillman Inaugurated.

Governor-elect B. C. Tillman, of South Carolina, who was elected on the reform ticket composed of the Farmers' Alliance and other Democrats who wanted a change of government, was inaugurated on Dec. 4, in front of the statehouse in the presence of a large crowd from all parts of the state.

Appointed a Republican.

Wm. D. Cornish was appointed judge of the District court of the Second district, of Minnesota on December 4, vice Orlando Simons, deceased. Mr. Cornish is a Republican, and his predecessor was a Democrat. An equal division between the parties has heretofore been maintained in the judges selected.

FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

The National Convention at Ocala, Fla.—The Proceedings.

As outlining the future financial policy of the Alliance, President Polk said at the Ocala convention on December 3, that it would demand the restoration of silver to all the rights and qualities of legal tender which gold possess; the issue of government currency direct to the people; equalization of taxes; prohibition of alien ownership of the land; ownership and control of transportation lines by the government; limit of public revenues to the economic administration of the government; graduated taxation of incomes, and the election of United States senators by a direct vote of the people.

At the conclusion of President Polk's address the Alliance resolved itself into a sort of "love feast," during which C. A. Power, an old union soldier from Indiana, moved that all ex-soldiers in the hall who indorsed the sentiments expressed in the speech of President Polk, of South Dakota, with reference to the burial of sectionalism, rise up to be counted. The motion prevailed, and between 40 and 50 stood up amid the wildest enthusiasm. Under the inspiration of the good feeling an ex-union soldier from Wisconsin stood up in his seat and called upon all union soldiers to give three cheers for the old confederates in the Alliance. They were given with a will. Then it was the confederates' turn, and they cheered the old soldiers of the union with a volume and heartiness that raised no doubt as to the genuineness of their feeling. The cheers ended with a wild old-fashioned "rebel yell," and as its echoes died away, one aged veteran of the confederacy shouted in a voice that rang out clearly through the hall: "That's the genuine article! I've heard it before."

The report of the committee shows 88 actual delegates present from the following states, each state having a full accredited delegation in attendance:

Alabama, 5; Arkansas, 5; Colorado, 1; Florida, 3; Georgia, 7; Illinois, 2; Indiana, 2; Indian Territory, 2; Kansas, 8; Kentucky, 5; Louisiana, 4; Maryland, 2; Michigan, 3; Mississippi, 4; Missouri, 6; North Carolina, 5; South Dakota, 2; Pennsylvania, 2; South Carolina, 4; North Dakota, 2; Tennessee, 4; Texas, 4; Virginia, 4; West Virginia, 2. Other states and territories having organizations and entitled to delegates are: California, New Mexico and Oklahoma, but as yet no delegates have arrived from these states.

In addition to the delegates, there are ten or twelve persons entitled to vote, which brings the actual numerical strength of the body up to 100. Besides these 100, the local committee on entertainments reports 465 visiting Alliance men from outside the state, and all of these can attend the deliberations of the council. Among the delegates are five women, Mrs. Vickery, vice president of the Kansas Alliance being of the number.

Against the Elections Bill.

At the afternoon session delegate W. S. McAllister, of Mississippi, introduced the following preamble and resolutions, which were adopted:

WHEREAS, The President of the United States, in his annual message to Congress, recommends and urges the immediate passage of the measure known as the Lodge election bill; and

WHEREAS, Said bill involves a radical revolution in the election machinery of the Union, both state and national, and its passage will be fatal to the autonomy of the states, and cherished liberties of the citizens; and

WHEREAS, Said bill is partisan in spirit, and will be partisan in its application, thus revitalizing the gory ghost of sectional estrangement; and

WHEREAS, The holy war we have declared against sectionalism, the firesides of the farmers of the North, South, East and West are the citadels around which the bravest battles must be fought, and to the end that victory may crown our crusade, and fraternity and unity reign; therefore, be it *Resolved*, By the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union of America in national council assembled, that we do most solemnly protest against the passage of said Lodge election bill, and most earnestly petition our senators to employ all fair and legal means to defeat this unpatriotic measure, which can result in no good but evil to one common and beloved country.

Resolved, Further, that a copy of these preamble and resolutions be forwarded to each senator in Congress.

Mr. McAllister took the floor in support of the resolutions, and at the end of a strong speech, moved their adoption. As he sat down there was a stillness and hush in the convention which forboded a storm, and everybody expected it to burst from the Western or Northwestern delegations; but no storm came. After a few moments of suspense, delegate Deming, of Pennsylvania, arose and said that he regarded the introduction of the resolutions as untimely; that there was largely prevalent at the North a feeling that the Farmers' Alliance was a Southern organization, its members being saturated with Southern sentiments; and that the passage of these resolutions would strengthen this opinion and check the growth of the Alliance in the North and East. His language was very temperate and conciliatory, and a ripple of applause greeted the close of his speech.

President McGrath, of the Kansas State Alliance, moved the adoption of the resolutions without reference to any committees and without debate, which was lost.

A delegate from Illinois expressed practically the same sentiments as Mr. Deming, of Pennsylvania. He feared that the adoption of the resolutions at this time would confirm the charge sometimes heard that the Farmers' Alliance is a partisan body.

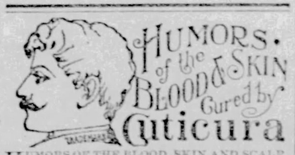
The Alliance, he said, is fast getting a grip in the West, and in localities where Republican sentiment is strong. This action of the national body would tend to throw it into political disrepute and stop its expansion over the states of the West and Northwest.

President Hall, of the Missouri State Alliance, moved that the resolutions be tabled; but after a short interval, in which there were several short but temperate speeches in favor of their passage, he moved to table his original motion, which was carried.

The question then recurred on Mr. McAllister's motion to adopt the resolutions, and when the motion was finally put, it was carried unanimously, amid the wildest enthusiasm.

Aside from the adoption of the elections bill resolution, the most important action of the National Alliance session was the passage of resolutions denouncing the Louisiana lottery as a blow at American civilization and morals and providing for the introduction in Congress of a resolution calling for the submission to the people of America of an amendment to the national constitution, prohibiting the operation of lotteries in any of the states; the resolution called out no opposition, and was adopted unanimously with little speech-making. The delegates from Louisiana all supported it heartily.

At the session of the National Farmers' Alliance, on December 5, Messrs. Holden, Williams and Rice, of Kansas, representing the Citizens' Alliance of that state, were introduced by Col. T. F. Livingstone, of the Georgia Alliance, and all three made addresses, which in the main, followed the same line of thought and argument. They said that their organization was as deeply interested in the success of the farmers' movement as was the Alliance itself; both bodies were practically working on the same line and in the same direction. They saw no reason why merchants, traders, druggists, etc., should not unite in promoting this movement, and they asked for a committee of conference to arrange for closer relations



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between the Citizens' Alliance and the National Alliance.

The request was granted and a committee appointed.

Messrs. Gallagher and Carsey, from the New York Workingmens' Reform league, and Anti-Monopoly league, respectively, both addressed the convention, and among other things said that the mechanics and laborers in cities were as much dependent upon the industrial condition of the country as farmers were, and should be eligible to membership in the Alliance. They recommended that Alliance organizers be sent to New York state at once to institute sub-Alliances in all the cities of that state.

Col. L. E. Livingstone, of Georgia, said in reply that he did not regard it as fitting or politic that all classes of men, even if imbued with the same general ideas, should belong to the same organization. They would do best to keep their own seperate organizations as at present, but should fraternize more closely and confer together more frequently upon measures of public policy. The Farmers' Alliance, he said, deserved no particular credit for having discovered that these re